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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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A Sure Fit
For the Short Waist

Dresses

798

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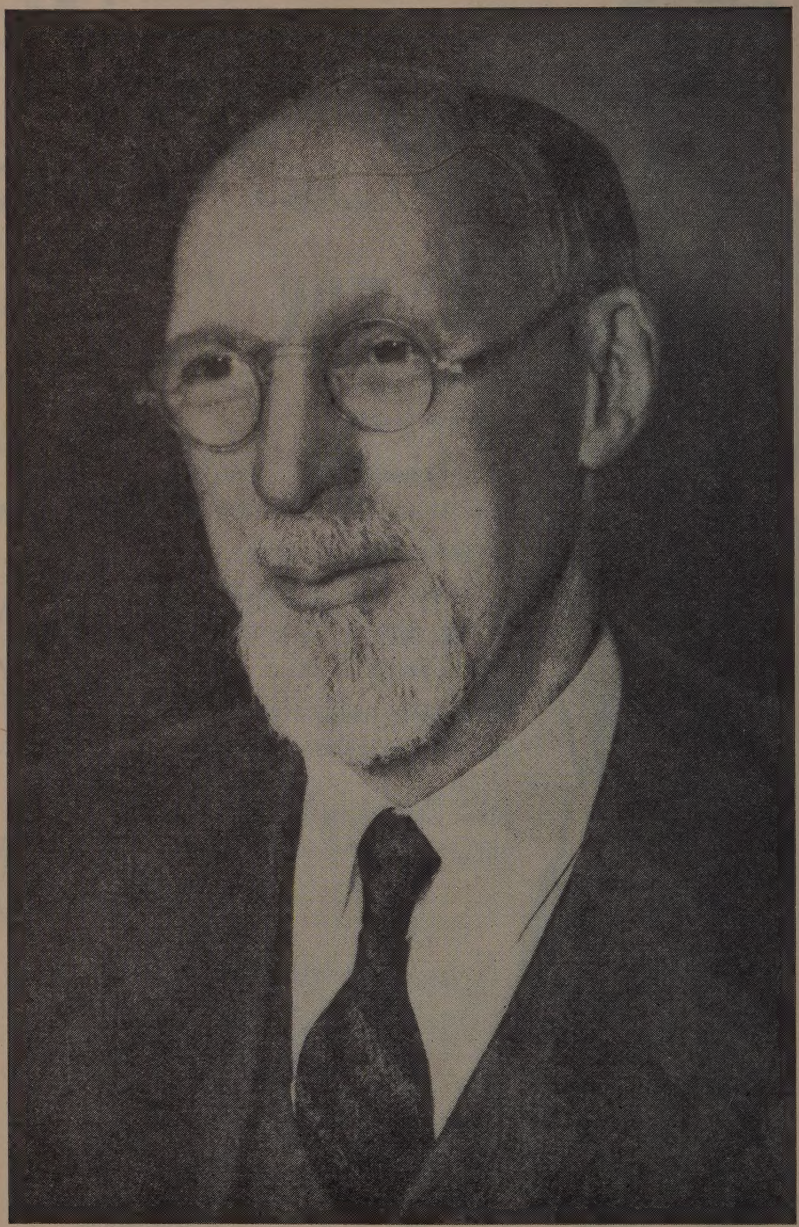

Photograph by W. Claudell Johnson

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 37, NO. 4 APRIL 1950

Sharing Your Treasure

To President George Albert Smith on His Eightieth Birthday

Berta Huish Christensen

Your fathers' father helped to plant the seed
Of liberty in virgin Plymouth soil,
The growing tendrils fed by faith and toil
Until they interlace a nation's length.
His love of freedom shaped your patriot strength.

Perhaps from him you learned of labor's worth;
Your spirit, mellowed to compassion, flows
In warm and deepened currents. Quick to sense
Another's loss, or bitterness or grief,
You spread a kindliness, like manna, on our need.
That we are all God's children—your belief,
Sharing your treasure with the least of us—your creed,
And love your only weapon or defense.

As wind that blows across a threshing floor,
You winnow error from the past, but keep
Its wisdom, holding faith with all
Who know his word; linked in prophetic chain,
You humbly wear the mantle of your call.

You know the questing song that young hearts sing,
For you have walked the upland path with youth,
Have shared their reach of dreams, and with them spanned
The barrier miles upon a silver wing.

Yours has been the vessel outward bound—
A golden largess for our sons and daughters;
And now your autumn hours are richly blessed
By its return, to bring such kindnesses
As you have cast, like bread upon the waters.

The Cover: "Lily of Easter," Photograph by Willard Luce.

An Exemplar to All Men

A Birthday Greeting To President George Albert Smith

President David O. McKay
Of the First Presidency

AS members of the Church and thousands of other admiring friends express congratulations and good wishes to President George Albert Smith on his eightieth birthday, there will be awakened in their minds, as jewels in a diadem, the many virtues that contribute to his noble character. From these I will mention only two —Love and Trust—as I pay a brief tribute to him with whose close acquaintance and association I have been honored for over half a century. To virtues that contribute to success in life, these two are what the diamond and the pearl are to other precious gems.

Love for Fellow Men

When Jesus was asked to name the greatest of all commandments, he answered: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

This truth President Smith has exemplified throughout his life. As a true representative of his Lord he has gone about doing good—administering to the sick, comforting the bereaved, kindly admonishing the wayward, visiting the fatherless and the widows, pointing out the light of the gospel to those hitherto blind to its glories—winning gratitude from those who had thought themselves dealt with unjustly, and gaining merited favor from men in high places.

Truly, in deeds of love and kindly service, he stands out as one who loves his fellow men; consequently "his name leads all the rest" as one who loves the Lord.

Keeping Unsullied an Honored Name

Every normal person born into this world brings with him a mighty responsibility—his ancestral lineage. If that lineage was noble when he received it, his responsibility is to keep it noble, and pass it on to the next generation unsullied. If the lineage possesses weakness, it is the responsibility of the inheritor to strengthen and pass to his descendants a higher and better standard. One of the most impressive of Paul's appeals to Timothy was—"Keep the trust committed to thy care." Daniel Webster was once asked what was the greatest thought that had ever occupied his mind, and he answered: "The consciousness of duty—to pain us forever if it is violated, and to console us so far as God has given us grace to perform it." In keeping the trust committed to him by a noble ancestry, in holding high the standards of an inspired parentage, President Smith

has set an example worthy of imitation by young men and young women not only in the Church, but also throughout the world.

Undoubtedly, one of the happiest experiences of his life came to him when in a dream or vision he met his departed grandfather. "I remember," he said when relating the experience, "how happy I was to see him coming. I had been given his name, and had always been proud of it.

"When Grandfather came within a few feet of me, he stopped. His stopping was an invitation for me to stop. Then—and this I would like the boys and girls and young people never to forget—he looked at me very earnestly and said: 'I would like to know what you have done with my name.'

"Everything I had ever done passed before me as though it were a flying picture on a screen—everything I had done. Quickly this vivid retrospect came down to the very time I was standing there. My whole life had passed before me. I smiled and looked at my grandfather and said: 'I have never done anything with your name of which you need be ashamed.'

"He stepped forward and took me in his arms, and as he did so, I became conscious again of my earthly surroundings. My pillow was as wet as though water had been poured on it—wet with tears of gratitude that I could answer unashamed.

"I have thought of this many times, and I want to tell you that I have been trying, more than ever since that time, to take care of that name. So I want to say to the boys and girls, to the young men and women, to the youth of the Church and of all the world: Honor your fathers and your mothers. Honor the name that you bear, because some day you will have the privilege and the obligation of reporting to them (and to your Father in heaven) what you have done with their name."

Love of the Lord and of one's fellows expressed in thoughtful, kindly deeds, a trust kept inviolate by living a clean, upright life—these are godlike virtues contributing to a nobility of soul, and are outstanding traits of our beloved President's character.

Dear President: Eighty years true to self!—most of those years spent in service to your fellow men, and therefore in loving service of the Christ whose authorized servant you are—we extend to you affectionate greetings and congratulations! Joy and peace attend you on this your Natal Day, and God's choicest blessings be yours on each of many Happy Returns!

I am grateful to my Heavenly Father that I was born in this land of the free, in this great nation, in this valley, among the people who have dwelt here. I am thankful for the companionship during my life of the best men and women that can be found anywhere in the world both at home and abroad. We are here to listen to the inspiration that will flow from him to us. We are here to say by our prayers and by our singing voices, "Heavenly Father, we thank thee for all that we enjoy." This is a blessed privilege.—President George Albert Smith, Conference Address, April 4, 1947.

"And This Is Life Eternal!"

Elder Harold B. Lee
Of the Council of the Twelve

THE subject heading for this written article are words quoted from the sublime prayer of the Master, a prayer such as only he could utter. This prayer is appropriately referred to as the Lord's High Priestly prayer or the great intercessory prayer just prior to his betrayal, trial, and crucifixion. The words of that prayer which give meaning to the words quoted above are as follows: ". . . Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee: As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him.

"And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent" (John 17:1-3).

In these words, Jesus declares the Father as the source of his own power and authority to give to others of our Father's children this precious gift of eternal life even to as many as pass the test of worthiness to be numbered as sons and daughters of God.

Some explanations and definitions from Bible scholars might be helpful in considering the meaning of the words of that scripture.

Explanation of Verse 2:

At the incarnation, the Father gave the Son authority to die for the sins of the whole world and to proclaim the Father's gracious offer of salvation to all mankind. Those whom the Father gives to Christ are those who freely accept the offer of salvation which is freely made to all.

Explanation of Verse 3:

Eternal life consists in obtaining a knowledge of God and of Jesus as the Messiah sent from God, i.e., as a preexistent divine being. *Knowledge here is not intellectual knowledge, but knowledge based upon the religious experience of the devout Christian soul* (*Bible Commentary*—Dummelow). (Italics are the author's.)

What is that knowledge of God and Jesus Christ which is essential to eternal life, and how might it be obtained? In some inspired items of instructions given by the Prophet Joseph Smith, April 2, 1843, he declared that:

Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection.

And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come (D. & C. 130:18-19).

From this statement have come two sayings which are often misinterpreted and misunderstood. One of these is a partial quotation from a revelation of the Lord: "The glory of God is intelligence," and the other, a coined expression from the above quotation, "A man is saved no faster than he gains knowledge." These sayings have led some to suppose that these references relate more particularly to secular knowledge rather than to "knowledge based upon the religious experience

of the devout Christian soul"—to use the words of the Bible scholar in the *Commentary* above referred to.

The Prophet Joseph Smith has clarified the meaning of this essential knowledge which saves, by saying:

> The principle of knowledge is the principle of salvation. This principle can be comprehended by the faithful and diligent; and every one that does not obtain knowledge sufficient to be saved will be condemned. The *principle of salvation is given us through the knowledge of Jesus Christ* . . . . knowledge through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ is the grand key that unlocks the glories and mysteries of the kingdom of heaven (D.H.C. V, pp. 387, 389).

And again:

> A man is saved no faster than he gets knowledge, for if he does not get knowledge, he will be brought into captivity by some evil power in the other world, as evil spirits will have more knowledge, and consequently more power than many men who are on the earth. Hence, it needs revelation to assist us, and give us knowledge of the things of God (D.H.C. IV, page 588).

ONE of the prime reasons for the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ is to give light and knowledge to the world; to the end that all might be saved. The restored gospel in this dispensation was to be a "light unto the world and a standard to my people" that they might seek to it, even as it was in the days of the Apostle Paul who declared a purpose of the organization established by the Master with prophets and apostles at its head to be "for the edifying of the body of Christ: Till we all come in . . . the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man" (Ephesians 4:12-13).

It is a significant fact in every age when men have begun to apostatize from the truth that the sure knowledge of God and his Son begins to fade and the Supreme Being comes to be spoken of as a myth. To the mind darkened by sin and apostasy, God becomes merely a universal essence such as ether or electricity, without form and void, and "who sits on the top of a topless throne, large enough to fill the universe and yet small enough to dwell in one's heart." To those in darkness, likewise, the Son of God, even Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world is but a great teacher among men, shorn of his divine nature. Evidences of similar spiritual decline are seen in our midst today when we hear teachings to the effect that "man makes his own god, who changes with the times and with the cultural and intellectual development possessed by the man creating him . . . that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and of Moses and of the Israel of the time of Moses and later, is not the God of the Christian world, not the God of today, but that now we have another, a more humane God, one of love and mercy." (See *On the Way to Immortality and Eternal Life*, by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.)

This dispensation of the fulness of times, as with all other dispensations, was ushered in by mighty revelations of the character, reality, and the personality of the Father and the Son. These divine personages presented themselves by personal visitation to the Prophet of

this dispensation. Those who scoff at the story of the first vision as related by Joseph Smith by citing the statement quoted in John 1:18, "No man hath seen God at any time. . . ." might well ponder soberly the rendering of that same text as credited to the Prophet Joseph Smith: "No man hath seen God at any time, *except he hath borne record of the Son, for except it is through him no man can be saved.*"

Following that first great vision to Joseph Smith, the Lord gave revelations to the Church defining the relationship of himself to the Father and clarifying the record of John above referred to as to how he, Jesus, "received not of the fulness at the first, but received grace for grace; And he received not of the fulness at first, but continued from grace to grace, until he received a fulness . . . of the glory of the Father; And he received all power, both in heaven and on earth, and the glory of the Father was with him, for he dwelt in him" (D. & C. 93:12, 13, 16-17). Then the Lord gives the reason for these revelations concerning himself and the Father: "I give unto you these sayings that you may understand and know how to worship, and know what you worship, that you may come unto the Father in my name, and in due time receive of his fulness . . . and be glorified in me as I am in the Father (*Ibid.* 93:19-20).

These words make it increasingly clear why it is "life eternal to know God and Jesus Christ." One must understand the divine nature and the attributes of the God whom he would worship. By understanding how the Son gained the fulness of the glory of the Father by continuing from grace to grace, we as mortals are given the true pattern as to how by an emulation of him whom we worship we, too, might come unto the Father and receive of his fulness and be glorified in the Son even as the Son is glorified in the Father.

THESE great teachings relative to the Fatherhood of God and the Sonship of Jesus Christ as our Elder Brother make meaningful the injunction of the Master: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect!" To know and to understand is essential to emulation and reverence. One is inclined to oppose and doubt that which he fails to comprehend. The evidence of reverence is obedience to the commandments of him whom we worship. A disinclination to keep the commandments, upon which the blessings of eternal life are predicated, is a certain sign of an ignorance of and a lack of an intelligent comprehension of that Divine Being whose children we are and of that One who gave his life that all men, including ourselves, might live again.

To all of us as the children of our Heavenly Father wandering in the maze of the uncertainties of this life, the Lord issues a call to high achievement which is at once a commandment and a glorious promise: "Therefore, sanctify yourselves that your minds become single to God, and the days will come that you shall see him; for he will unveil his face unto you, and it shall be in his own time, and in his own way, and according to his own will"

(D. & C. 88:68). The way to become "sanctified" in the language of the Lord's revelation is reduced to something of a formula by which it might be accomplished in another revelation, as follows:

> Verily, thus saith the Lord: It shall come to pass that every soul who forsaketh his sins and cometh unto me, and calleth on my name and obeyeth my voice, and keepeth my commandments, shall see my face and know that I am (D. & C. 93:1).

Those things enumerated by the Lord as essential to our entering into his presence are reminiscent of what he said to the Jews in another dispensation when they were astonished at his doctrine. To them on that occasion he declared: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." Here, then, is made clear to us another divine truth. Knowledge of God and Jesus, his Son, is essential to life eternal, but the keeping of God's commandments must precede the acquisition of that knowledge or intelligence.

On this point President Joseph F. Smith makes this explanation, which also distinguishes between the knowledge of the world and that knowledge and intelligence which is necessary to eternal life. This is his explanation:

> Satan possesses knowledge, far more than we have, but he has not intelligence or he would render obedience to the principles of truth and right. I know men who have knowledge, who understand the principles of the gospel as well as you do, who are brilliant, but lack the essential qualifications of pure intelligence. They will not accept and render obedience thereto. Pure intelligence comprises not only knowledge, but also the power to properly apply that knowledge (*Way to Perfection*, page 231).

The apostle Paul wrote to the Corinthians:

> No man speaking by the Spirit of God calleth Jesus accursed: and that no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost (I Cor. 12:3).

The prophets of every dispensation of the gospel have taught that the gift of the Holy Ghost was a divine bestowal upon them who had entered into covenant by baptism as a witness that they had taken upon themselves the name of Christ and would be obedient unto the ends of their lives. By this bestowal of the Holy Ghost their hearts were changed through faith on his name and they were spiritually begotten of him and thus became his sons and his daughters (Mosiah 5:2-8). By the power of the Holy Ghost we can know the truth of all things, including a knowledge of God, our Heavenly Father and his Son Jesus Christ.

One of the most beautiful descriptions of him whom we worship as the Son of God and by whom we come to our Heavenly Father is contained in the writings of John the Revelator. John saw him:

> . . . clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt above the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow, and his eyes were as a flame of fire; And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters . . . . his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength. And when I saw him I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not, I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore . . . (Rev. 1:13-18).

It was this same personage who appeared to the Prophet Joseph in the grove and was described by Joseph in words similar to those used by John when the Lord by personal visitation appeared to Joseph and Oliver in the Kirtland Temple. It is concerning that same personage, his reality and his mission and about whom I have a special witness by the power of the Holy Ghost. It is the same personage about whom all may know by the power of the Holy Ghost which is shed forth upon all those who love God and keep his commandments.

God grant us all, through faith and obedience, that knowledge, to gain which, is life eternal!

Josef Muench

MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM

From Your Believing

Lael W. Hill

New faith has come to me from your believing,
And courage from this love we two have known—
Enough, perhaps, to guide me out of grieving
To where I shall not fear to walk alone. ..

The Thickness of Water

Nellie Iverson Cox

GRETCHEN hastily jerked her scorched finger away from its contact with the hot stove lid. "Ouch!" she ejaculated, surveying her finger ruefully. "And some people think I should settle down permanently to this business of living on a farm!" Gingerly, she began ladling the smooth batter onto the smoking griddle, but turned at the sound of pattering footsteps. Six-year-old Ronnie, barefoot, and pajama-clad, came through the door leading to the bedrooms.

"Oh, Mommy, I don't want to wear these short trousers; I want overalls like Kenny wears!" His boyish face, with its recently acquired tan, wrinkled up at her imploringly as he held the knee-length suit to her view. When she did not answer, he came nearer and caught hold of her dress insistently. "Mama, you're not going back to the city; I hate it. I hate Olga and Mrs. Watts at the Day Nursery 'n everything. I want to live here with Kenny 'n Nora 'n Thayne."

Gretchen's mind sought desperately for words that would satisfy him without actually committing herself. "Now, son, their aunt and uncle are coming to take care of them. The telegram came last night."

"But Mommy, they want us to stay 'n their mama wants us to stay 'cause Nora said so."

"Well—we'll see. Run and dress now. Breakfast is almost ready." She was always weak where Ronnie's desires were concerned, but this time she just couldn't give in. Even Jeff had admitted that it was too much to expect that she should give up her good job for an uncertain future on the farm he wished to buy.

Through the gingham-curtained window she could see Thayne coming with the milk. Even his chore clothes did not hide his blond handsomeness. How proud his mother had been of him and what high hopes she had entertained for the development of his really fine voice.

"You certainly hurried," she told him, preparing to strain the milk.

"Yes ma'am." His voice was musical as he regarded her soberly from under his amazingly long lashes. "There is only Julie to milk now. I'm letting Bess go dry. She is going to have a calf you know."

Yes, she knew. Ronnie had excitedly informed her of the fact. It was going to be harder than she had thought to convince him they must leave.

A sweet-faced girl with brown braids came through the door. "Why did you let me sleep so late?" she asked reproachfully, beginning to set the table.

"And why not?" asked Gretchen smiling fondly. "You needed to rest after climbing hills all day yesterday. Ronnie seems to be determined to see the other side of every hill around here."

"I like to take him hiking. He has so much fun 'cause he says

there aren't any hills in the city and he couldn't climb them alone if there were." She slipped her hand into Gretchen's. "I'm so glad Mom had a friend like you," she ended chokingly.

Gretchen drew the girlish figure close. "Your mother was lucky to have three such fine children," she said softly.

A tousle-headed youngster came in, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. "Good morning, Kenny," smiled Gretchen. "I guess Ronnie is the slow-poke this morning but we won't wait. Hurry and wash."

"Say," began the eight-year-old, splashing vigorously, "that's just the way Mom used to talk. 'Kenny, hurry 'n wash', she'd say first thing." His lip quivered and he hurriedly applied the towel to his freckled features. There was an unhappy silence which lasted until Kenny, with the quick versatility of childhood, said excitedly, "Say, Ronnie and I want to build a rock dam across the creek and make a duck pond. We can finish it in a week easy, and then when school starts. . . ."

NORA interrupted him. "Mama never told us where she met you, Mrs. Bradley."

"Why, it was last spring. She came to my apartment building in search of your aunt . . . ."

"Aunt Winona," interposed Thayne.

"But your aunt had moved away, so I asked her to spend the night with me. It was late and she was a stranger in the city. She told us about you children—that Thayne loved to sing and Nora's hobby was photography, and Kenny, she said, was her little farmer, always making dams and ditches."

In her mind's eye Gretchen could still see the faded little woman who had seemed so out of place in the richly carpeted halls of the New Breton. Gretchen had just stepped out of the elevator and was looking through the letters she had collected in the lobby. There had been a bill, an advertisement, and an invitation to vacation again at Sheerdrop Ski Resort, but nothing from Jeff. Even if he did feel resentful because she insisted on keeping her job, he could write oftener, if only for Ronnie's sake. Was he still working on a ranch? she wondered.

Intent on her mail, she did not at first notice the woman in front of one of the apartment entrances. When she did, her first thought had been, that's what I might have looked like if we had bought the farm Jeff was always dreaming about. Involuntarily, she had glanced down at her own fashionable business suit above the trim brown Oxfords.

The woman was undoubtedly from the country. She was no shabbier than many women seen in the city, but there was a rugged strength in her thin frame, and Gretchen knew, with the quick preception that had won her the excellent position she held, that those brown, roughened hands were accustomed to hard toil.

The stranger had turned, and Gretchen had been surprised at the look of eager expectancy on the still young face. It was as though she had been waiting for someone

and must scrutinize every comer.

On sudden impulse, Gretchen asked, "Are you looking for someone?"

"My sister wrote me from this address, but there seems to be no one. . . ."

"I believe the people who were in that apartment have been gone for several days. Perhaps the management. . . ."

"No. It doesn't matter now. Maybe I can find a hotel."

Surprising herself, Gretchen exclaimed, "Won't you spend the night with me? My son would be so pleased. He doesn't see many people."

"I couldn't impose on you that way. What would your husband. . . ?"

"Jeff doesn't live here any more." And then, fearing she had sounded facetious, "He has been overseas and the city gets on his nerves."

"I see. Then I shall be happy to stay." The haggard look had lifted from her features, leaving them suddenly alive. "Then I shall be very happy to stay. I'm Mrs. Hackett from Dixon, upstate."

"And I'm Mrs. Bradley. Come, then, and meet my son." She led the way to the spacious apartment where a curly-headed child joyously threw himself into her arms.

"Hello, darling. Hello, Olga. This is Mrs. Hackett. She is going to spend the night with us."

The visitor smiled at the maid and then took Ronnie's hands in her own.

"I have a little boy named Kenny. I have a big boy, too, and a girl."

"Oh, where do you live?"

"On a big farm in a place called Dixon."

"Oh. My daddy is working on a ranch."

GRETCHEN interposed, "Mrs. Hackett is tired, son. Perhaps after supper she will tell you about her children."

After the simple meal the guest brought some snapshots from her purse.

"Nora is always taking pictures. Would you like to look at these, Ronnie?"

His eyes sparkled. "Oh, Mommy, look at this big boy in swimming! And here is one of a big load of something. . . ."

"That is a load of hay that horses and cows eat," said their visitor. "You poor little city tike, get your mama to bring you to the farm when she takes her vacation."

The idea, thought Gretchen almost indignantly, that anyone whose children ran barefoot in thorns or whatever country children ran barefoot in, should feel sorry for her son who had the best of everything. Why, the woman sounded almost like Jeff. He had said a child might as well be in jail as locked up in an apartment all day.

"You were saying?" she apologized, conscious that she had not been paying attention in her indignant remembrance of Jeff's attitude.

"Won't you bring him to the farm? I just couldn't bear to have my children raised anywhere else. It's been hard work for a woman alone, but nothing else could ever be so satisfiying."

"You mean you run it alone?"

"Since Cal died five years ago. It

has left its mark on me, I guess. I finished paying off the mortgage last year, so it will be easier now. The house can be fixed up real nice and I know you'd like it."

What is the woman trying to do, thought Gretchen, amazed. It sounds like she is trying to sell me her farm.

"Say you will visit us," insisted the woman, but Gretchen had smiled at the improbability of such a thing. However, she had not reckoned with the letters that came from Mrs. Hackett after she had returned home. They were filled with numerous little details about calves and colts, puppies and kittens, and seemed written with the intent in mind of whetting to greater pitch Ronnie's eagerness to visit the Hackett farm. Even Gretchen found herself wondering if the frost had got the peaches, or if Mr. Burgess, the neighbor who helped run the farm, had recovered from his injury in time to get the hay in. Was Julie's calf the heifer they hoped for, and how many pups did Flora have? Ronnie never allowed her to skip any detail when reading one of the frequent letters, and he often insisted on her writing for information he wanted. It was not long until she knew the size and shape of the house, the color of the wallpaper in every room, and the general layout of orchard and field. She was amused at herself for being interested, but it was for Ronnie's sake, she told herself. Lacking companions of his own age, the letters from the farm supplied a definite lack in his life.

Then, suddenly and unexpectedly, a telegram had come signed by Mr. Burgess, saying that Mrs. Hackett was very ill and had asked for her. Obtaining a leave of absence, she had entrained for the farming community as soon as possible, taking Ronnie with her. Upon arrival, they had been approached by a grizzled farmer in wrinkled overalls.

"You that city woman Leonora Hackett sent for?"

"I'm Mrs. Bradley."

"Well, my wife is over there now. Been there since Leonora died last night."

SO, sitting beside a taciturn farmer in a dilapidated farm truck, Gretchen and Ronnie had ridden to the Hackett farm, which looked just as they had known it would, save there was no thin figure in a house dress to welcome them. Gretchen was immediately placed in charge by the neighbor woman who had attended to all needful details. Later that evening, they had attended the simple funeral and had gone to the little cemetery, and Gretchen had tried conscientiously to soften the grief of three orphan children.

"Leonora set great store by you," said white-haired Mrs. Burgess. "She wanted you to stay with her children."

Stay with the Hackett children—handsome Thayne, winsome Nora, and little Kenny who had welcomed her own Ronnie like a brother? Of course she would stay until the aunt could be located. But to give up permanently her luxurious apartment and the fabulous salary she received to care for the children of a stranger—surely Leonora Hackett

had never thought she would do such a thing! What she had said to Mrs. Burgess had been only the meandering of a sick mind. Still, there had seemed to be a hidden purpose behind all those letters she had written.

I can't do it; it's fantastic! she told herself. Why no one more unfitted to run a farm ever lived than I. When Winona Cappelli arrived, she, Gretchen Bradley would slide gracefully out from under this unwanted responsibility and let the aunt take over. And that was that.

She came back to the present when Nora said hesitantly over her scarcely touched breakfast, "You are going to stay with us, aren't you?"

"Now, sis," began the boy, "Mrs. Bradley has her job and her home and maybe she has to go back."

Gretchen flashed the boy a grateful look. He was trying to make it easier on all of them with his adult understanding of the position she was in.

"Your aunt and uncle are coming on tonight's train. If we hurry, Nora, we can finish the dress your mother was making for you so you can wear it when we go to meet them. It was made so nicely."

The air was quite cool with a dash of rain when they started in the early dusk toward the little railway station. Too late, Gretchen realized that their path was taking them past the cemetery where a new mound showed up dark in the early twilight.

She began to chatter brightly, "Wait, I want to count noses. Is everyone here?"

"Yes, and mama is here, too. Her grave is all wet and looks so cold," and Kenny began to sob wildly.

The lump in Gretchen's throat still choked her when at last the train pulled in and a few passengers alighted. A flashily dressed woman, accompanied by a portly man, descended upon the children.

"Nora's babies!" she cried shrilly. "Aunt Winona will take care of you."

Somehow, Ronnie had got included in the caress as she threw her arms around them. Gretchen realized, with astonishment, that the woman actually did not know how many children her sister had. Mrs. Cappelli began to talk, moving around so that the odor of the perfume she wore reached Gretchen overpoweringly.

"Your uncle and I own a tourist court in Florida. Since receiving the news of your mother's passing, we have decided to take over the night club in connection. Thayne can sing—oh, yes, your mother sent me the clipping the time you sang over the radio, and Nora is old enough. . . . Oh, yes. I know your mother had this foolish idea about wanting you children to be raised on the farm—she told me so when she wrote that the doctors had given her but a short time to live. Let's see, that was before we went to Florida, while we were living at the New Breton. I wrote her that I would do what I could and for her to come to see me, but we left unexpectedly and she probably didn't come. But don't worry, Aunt Winona will take care of you."

GRETCHEN knew sudden shock. Then Leonora Hackett had known she was going to die when she had conversed so calmly in that city apartment—when she had written those letters whose hidden purpose was now so apparent. What utterly magnificent courage! Was she, Gretchen Bradley, so utterly lacking in courage that she, with the advantage all on her side, would not dare what the other woman had dared?

Mr. Cappelli cleared his throat. "Er—that is, we can take the two older children. The boys here would hardly. . . .You are the neighbor who sent us the wire?"

"Yes—no—that is. . . ."

"Well, never mind," put in Mrs. Cappelli. "We can make some arrangement I am sure. The farm will have to be sold, and something could be allowed to someone for taking care of the younger children."

There was no intention, then, of fulfilling the last wish of a dying woman. Especially was there no place in this set-up for an eight-year-old boy who bitterly missed his mother. Suddenly, Gretchen was angry. Such heartless callousness to one's own blood!

"I guess you did not know," she said determinedly, "that it was Mrs. Hackett's wish that I stay and care for her children. I have witnesses to prove what I say. These children must not be separated."

"But," sputtered the other, "I'm her sister. Blood is thicker than water, you know, and what you say would never hold up in court. You cannot produce a letter to prove. . ."

"Letter!" They all turned to face a twelve-year-old girl whose face was brilliantly alive, as she delved frantically in the deep pockets of the raincoat she wore. "Oh, Mrs. Bradley, mama gave it to me to mail, but she took so bad and I ran for Mrs. Burgess, and I forgot all about it." Her hand came out triumphantly with a thin envelope.

Unmindful of the eyes upon her, Gretchen tore it open. They all crowded behind her as she read:

> Dear Mrs. Bradley: I'm asking a mighty big favor, but I believe the Lord sent me to you in answer to my prayer. I went to the apartment to beg my sister to come to the farm and care for my children when I am gone, and when I did not find her I was desperate. I knew my time was getting short. Then you came, and I knew you had to be the one. I can rest easy if you will move to the farm and take care of my darlings.
>
> Leonora Hackett

The look Gretchen turned upon the group was the satisfied one of a woman who has discovered fountains of hidden strength and who glories in the discovery.

"Come, children," she said, proudly possessive, "your aunt and your uncle will want to rest before they return to Florida, and I must send a telegram to Ronnie's daddy, asking him to come and help us run the farm. I know he will be glad because he always wanted to be a farmer."

Photograph by Josef Muench

BLACK LOCUST IN BLOOM

Dresden Day

Anna Prince Redd

A day of opal weather,
Tender and close, yet remote,
As faintly scented as heather,
A lark song in the throat;

Crystals on new grass glistening,
Sunlight in warming floods,
The earth awake and listening
To the whisper of stretching buds;

Tomorrow may fret with thunder,
I shall feel not the least dismay;
Let storm confirm the wonder
Of this fragile Dresden day!

"That Monson Kid!"

Sylvia Probst Young

SHE was coming out of the gate of a cemetery along the highway when I stopped to give her a ride, a small, slim-bodied girl I took to be in her middle twenties.

"It isn't far to town," she smiled brightly. "I came through the fields and I was going back that way. It is hot out here, but there are plenty of trees inside."

"A lovely place for a cemetery," I observed, "here on the hill overlooking the whole valley."

"I like it," she said. "With the mountains all around, there's something so peaceful about it."

"I read about your hero coming home. I guess this town is mighty proud of him. Not many towns can boast a soldier who won a Congressional Medal."

"Yes, everybody is proud of Freck, now. You should have seen the crowd that gathered for his memorial service—officials and officers, the Governor, people from all over. It was so different from the last time he came home."

"Oh. Tell me about him will you?"

* * * *

It goes way back to grade school, Freck's story. Freck—that wasn't his name, of course; it was George Henry Monson, but no one ever called him anything but Freck, although he only had a few washed-out freckles across his nose. He was a big, awkward kid with hair the color of that ripe wheat in the sun. You might have called him homely except for his eyes. I have never seen eyes so full of longing and loneliness as his eyes were. You see most of his life Freck starved for love—love and understanding and a feeling of being wanted. He never knew his mother. She died when he was a baby, and his dad was a no-good sort—drunk most of the time, and seldom home. Freck lived with his old grandpa, and I guess he did the best he could for the boy, but he was a stern man—hard as granite, and Freck didn't drive easily. What Freck needed was love, especially a mother's love.

He was a smart boy and full of energy which, undirected, was turned into mischief. If there was a broken window, a tack on the teacher's chair, or an inkwell upset, more times than not, it was Freck who had done it. But I don't think he was ever given the benefit of a doubt; no matter what went wrong, someone was always ready to voice the general opinion, "that Monson kid again." Being blamed only antagonized Freck, and he used to do a lot of things just to show them.

The old Monson place is about half a mile up from ours, and Freck had to pass our place on his way to school. I think I was in the fifth grade and he in the sixth when he started to walk home with me occasionally. At those times he used to tell me the things nearest his heart, and I came to know how lonely he really was. My folks disapproved of him, however, and I

think that he knew it. After grade school days he never bothered to wait for me, and in high school he started to pal with some boys from Glenn Ferry. Along with them, he picked up some pretty bad habits. But I knew that he would have liked so much to join in the real fun of high school—the parties and dances, because I saw him more than once watching from the side. That was how it was for Freck—always on the outside of things, wistfully looking on.

He was in his Junior year when the real trouble happened. Some supplies were taken from the chem. laboratory, and during a special assembly program the hall was filled with a putrid smelling gas. It caused a great deal of commotion—almost a riot. But, for once in his life, Freck wasn't implicated. The principal didn't believe that though, Freck was always in on the devilment. So he was expelled, with four others.

WHEN I came home from school a few nights later I was surprised to see him waiting at the bend in the road. It was the first time I had walked with Freck since grade school days.

"Hello Jean," he said, "mind if I walk up with you?"

I knew that he wanted to tell someone about what had happened.

"For once, believe it or not, I had nothing to do with it," he blurted out. The anger was glinting in his eyes, and I knew that he was telling the truth. "But old Foster has it in for me. Maybe I'd have gone another year and maybe I wouldn't, but I won't plead to get back. I think old Foster is going to be sorry, though."

I tried to change his mind about things, but I knew that I didn't get very far.

About a week later he and one of the boys from Glenn Ferry took the principal's car. They were just going over to Coatsville—about twenty five miles away—and then bring the car back. They just wanted "to get even with the old boy," and had no intentions of causing any trouble. Outside of Glenn Ferry, they started speeding, and then they hit another car. The occupants, a minister and his wife from California, were seriously injured. Their car rolled over twice. The principal's car was quite badly damaged but, aside from a few cuts and bruises, Freck and his companion weren't hurt at all. But they paid dearly for that foolhardiness—in the state penitentiary for a year.

I don't think anyone in town felt very sorry for Freck. "That kid had it coming to him," they said.

It was almost two years before I saw Freck again, but when he came back he was a changed boy. It was in the spring of 1941, just a few days after commencement. I was working in Murphy's Drug for the summer. The evening he came in I was making a sundae with my back toward the counter so I didn't see him until he sat down and said hello.

There was something familiar about that "hello." I turned quickly, and there he was, smiling at me.

"Freck Monson," I gasped.

He grinned, "In the flesh."

He was different, I knew it immediately. Something about the

lift of his head—his straightforward gaze. I felt that something good had happened to him while he had been gone.

"When did you get back?"

"I came yesterday. How have you been, Jean? Golly, you're grown up."

"Well, you've surely grown, too."

He was instantly serious. "In more than height, I hope. Gramp told me about your mother. I'm awfully sorry." A sudden shadow crossed his eyes. "I—I know how it is to have your mother dead, I've known that all my life."

I saw that old hurt in his eyes, but it was gone again in a moment.

"Guess I'd better get this prescription taken care of— something for Gramp's asthma."

He crossed to the prescription counter, and Mr. Murphy greeted him civilly, but that was all. Seeing him waiting there, I suddenly thought of the story of the prodigal, but I was certain that no one would kill a fatted calf for him.

When he started to go, on sudden impulse, I called to him, "Freck, wait a minute."

He came back to the fountain. "Yes, Jean?"

"If you can wait a few minutes I'll walk up with you, I'm off at nine."

"Gee, I'd like that, but Mr. Murphy's just likely to call and tell your dad."

"Freck, he wouldn't, besides dad's not home. He's East on business."

It was a lovely night, the hill road was bathed in moonlight and scented with the fragrance of blossoming apple trees.

"THIS seems like long ago," Freck said, "me walking home with you. In those days I was always airing my grievances to you. I've learned a great deal, Jean. That year in jail wasn't easy, but I got a new perspective there. A warden there—Jim Hayward—makes it his business to understand people and to help them. Jean, for the first time in my life, I felt that someone understood me and believed that I could be different than my dad. He used to talk to me about life and values and about myself. He made me want to amount to something because he thought I could.

"When I had served my term he got me a job on a dairy farm upstate — some friends of his — they were grand to me. I've come home now because I want to show Gramp and the town that I'm walking up the right road now. I'll always be sorry for that accident—for the injury it caused those people, but I've learned, and I know which way I'm going, now."

It thrilled me to hear him saying those things. "Oh, Freck, I'm so glad," I said. "I want you to know two people believe in you—I as well as the warden."

That was the beginning of a close friendship between Freck and me and I spent a lot of time with him while he was home. Aunt Mary was a bit dubious about it. She was staying with me while dad was gone.

"I don't think your dad would like you going with Freck Monson," she told me more than once.

"But Freck has changed, Aunt Mary, and I believe that he'll be as fine a man as ever lived in Hillsburg. Right now he needs a chance."

But it wasn't easy for Freck. The town had its opinion of him; hadn't he been in prison for a year? People didn't forget that, nor did they let him forget it. Building a new reputation is a tremendous task, but he tried and tried hard. A few times he went to public gatherings, but he wasn't comfortable; people turned to stare at him and whisper. So he stopped going. Oh, I'm not saying that I'm any different from the rest. It's so easy to become smug in our own little worlds, and how few of us are Christian enough to be tolerant! But in Freck's case I was all for him, because during that summer I came to love him.

More than once he told me that people were talking about me going with him, and I knew that, too, but I didn't let it bother me much, except I couldn't help wondering what dad would think if he knew. I was surprised that someone hadn't written him about it. I knew Aunt Mary wouldn't. She isn't like that, but there were others who might have done.

In early September dad came home. He just walked in one evening without telling us that he was coming. I was going to a show with Freck, and I was waiting for him. Dad could see that I was going out, and he seemed rather disappointed.

"Well Jeanie, whose your big date? Couldn't you call it off and talk to your dad tonight?"

"Why yes, dad, he'd understand. It's Freck I'm going with."

"Freck! Look, Jean!"

I could see the anger rising in dad's face.

"That Monson kid is not in your class, and I don't like the idea of your going with him like I understand you have been doing. (So someone had written him about us.) Aren't there enough nice fellows in this town without you going with a boy like that—a boy with a prison record?"

HIS words caused anger to flare in me. "Dad, that's not fair. Sure, Freck made a mistake, how many of us don't in one way or another? But he's paid for his folly. What he needs now is another chance and, like everyone else, you're not willing to give that to him, you're. . . ."

A sound on the porch interrupted my outburst. I ran to the window and saw Freck going down the steps. Without another word, I was out of the house running after him.

"Freck, wait. You heard. I can tell the way you look. Freck, dad doesn't understand. You knew it would be hard to change the opinion of the town. Dad's like the rest of them. But I don't care what anyone says—I believe in you. . . . I. . . . "

"Jean!" Suddenly he caught me in his arms and kissed me almost fiercely. "If you believe in me, that's all that counts, because I love you. But your dad voiced it, I'm not in your class. I've dreamed about you and me, but I guess that will always be a dream."

"No it won't. I love you, too, and I won't let anyone spoil our lives."

He held me close, but I knew that dad's words had been like the lash of a whip.

THE next week Freck went back to the dairy farm. He wrote to me, but I didn't see him again until December. It was just about a week after Pearl Harbor that he came over to Westwood, where I was going to college, to tell me goodby. He had joined the Marines. I'll never forget how he looked in that uniform. We went out and celebrated our last night together.

"Jean," he said, "I'm going to try to be so fine a Marine that your dad and the folks back home will be proud of me. Then everything will be okay for you and me, unless you find someone while I'm gone."

"Don't say that, ever. You know I'll be waiting and counting the days."

That's the last time I ever saw Freck. As you know, he was killed at Saipan. You probably remember how he won that medal. I can remember those accounts of his bravery so well. "The enemy had almost completely surrounded the men from another battery. They were sorely in need of help. When the fury of the attack became apparent a young P.F.C. George (Freck) Monson instantly volunteered to go to their assistance. Freck found an unmanned ambulance jeep and headed it straight into the battle, in reckless disregard of rifle and mortar fire. Reaching the zone of action, the youthful Marine loaded as many wounded men into the jeep as it would hold and ran the hot gauntlet back to safety. He then returned. Again and again, he made this trip, loading, returning, loading, returning. In three amazing hours, single-handed, he evacuated forty-five wounded Marines. On his last trip he spotted two injured comrades lying in the open, in a field of intense fire. He vaulted out of the jeep and went to get them. A sniper shot him dead."

You can imagine how that news affected our town. People were amazed to thing that Freck Monson could be such a hero. They forgot about his prison record then. They were proud to claim him.

Old Gramp Monson went back to Washington D. C. to get Freck's medal. And to the kid who had been the town rascal came the highest honor that a grateful Government could bestow.

That's his story. Now, he's home again, resting in honor. He wanted to make them proud of him, and he did. But it took a war to give him that chance—a war that cost his life.

* * * *

I wanted to ask her about herself, but I didn't think that I should, and she didn't volunteer to say, though somehow the way she told me Freck's story made me know that part of her heart would always be buried beside a hero in that little cemetery in the shadow of the hills.

Plants of the New World

Willard Luce

THE impact of the white man's civilization upon the red man has been terrific. Yet few people realize how much of our way of life came originally from the New World and the Lamanites.

When Columbus died, he was considered a failure because he had not found India and the spices and riches for which he had been searching. Magellan's success was also his failure; for, in proving that the world was round, he also proved that it was much larger than he and Columbus had believed. A ship could not reach the Spice Islands faster by sailing westward around the world.

But neither man need have failed. The spices, the foods, the medicines, and the riches were all here in the New World when Columbus came. They were here when Magellan by-passed them for the then known riches of the East. Thousands of other men failed to recognize them even as Columbus and Magellan, but they were here, good and bad. They are found in the far corners of the world.

First let us take the potato, the Irish potato, as people call it.

The white potato was first discovered by white men in 1538. Pedro de Creza de Leon reported it to be one of the natives' two principal items of food, the other one being maize or corn. He described the potato as a kind of "ground-nut."

Slowly the use of the potato as a food spread through Europe. Ireland was the first country to cultivate it extensively, and here it is given credit for saving millions of lives during times of famine. In Scotland at first its use was prohibited, first, because it was not mentioned in the Bible, and second, because it became identified as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden!

In California during the gold rush, some of the Chinese restaurants lost much business by refusing to cook potatoes. They considered them food only for the poor and poverty-stricken; rice was for the rich man. Today, the food of the "poor and poverty stricken" and the "rich" are nearly equal in popularity, for the white potato feeds more of the world's population than any other food except rice.

Of cereals, corn alone is a native of the New World. In the world today it ranks third in importance, rice and wheat heading the list. Here, then, we have two foods, cultured and developed first by the Lamanites, among the first five food producers in the world. And, of course, there are tomatoes, squash, cranberries, lima beans, peanuts, and many others, all products of the New World.

Not only did the Indians develop these foods, they also developed flavorings and spices which today have considerable economic and gustatory importance: cayenne, chili, paprika, vanilla, and choco-

Josef Muench

TASSELED CORN

late, to name but a few. Just think a moment how changed our eating habits would be without these last two, vanilla and chocolate.

TWO of our most important drugs also came originally from the New World. Indians at the time of Francisco Pizarro's conquest knew the effect of chewing the leaves of the coca plant. They knew its pain killing quality, perhaps they also knew the habit-forming devastation it wrought. They knew, too, that the bitter, red bark of the cinchona tree cured the miseries of chills and fever.

Pizarro's conquistadors found the cocaine from the coca leaves readily enough, but it was a hundred years later before the quinine of the cinchona was discovered. The

Spanish conquistadors made no friends among the Indians of South America, but the Jesuit priests who came later did. One of these who had labored and worked among the Indians became desperately ill with malaria. He was finally cured by powdered cinchona bark administered by a native medicine man. From that day until the discovery of atabrine during the last World War, the quinine from the cinchona tree was the only defense against the ravages of malaria.

The drug soon reached Spain and its use rapidly spread throughout Europe where it was known as Jesuit's Powder. The demand became so great as to practically destroy the cinchona forests of South America. By 1795, it was estimated that twenty-five thousand trees were felled each year, the bark stripped, the trees left to rot.

But for the Dutch, there could have been but one ending. In 1852 the Dutch government sent Justus Hasskarl to South America to collect slips and seeds of the cinchona for planting in Java. Since South America had a complete monopoly on the quinine trade, Hasskarl was anything but welcome. His native helpers saw to it that the roots of his young trees were exposed to the scorching heat of the tropical sun. They managed to wet his seeds at every river crossing. Not only this, but they guided him to where the poor, sparse species grew.

As a result of all this, Hasskarl failed in his first attempt. But a year later he went deep into the jungles of Bolivia, posing as an amateur naturalist. After much expensive bribing he secured several hundred young trees which he shipped to Batavia. These trees were the beginning of the extensive cinchona plantations and the quinine monopoly of the Dutch East Indies.

And, speaking of drugs, in 1947, an estimated 2,167,702,000 pounds of tobacco were raised in the United States alone. This must have produced quite a quantity of nicotine!

Tobacco, also, was a New World plant.

For various reasons, many of the New World plants and plant products became misnamed. The Irish potato has already been mentioned. Then there were Turkish tobacco, India rubber, and the African and French marigolds. These bright yellow and orange flowers, although grown extensively throughout

Courtesy W. Atlee Burpee Company

LUTHER BURBANK ZINNIA

Willard Luce

PETUNIAS

Europe and Africa, came originally from the Western Hemisphere.

So did the bright yellow sunflower. There are about fifty species of sunflower, most of them coming from North America. The common sunflower, State flower of Kansas, grows under cultivation to a height of seventeen feet, with flower heads over a foot in diameter. It is grown extensively in Russia for poultry food. Other species of the sunflower grown for food are the Jerusalem artichoke, and the Indian potato.

Other Western Hemisphere flowers include the Poinsettia, phlox, verbenas, California poppies, nasturtiums, petunias, cosmos, and zinnias, to name a few.

But not only food and flavorings and flowers and drugs came from the New World; rubber came also.

It is certainly difficult to imagine our civilization without rubber. The Indians of South America understood the complicated process of curing rubber, but the more advanced civilizations of China, Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and Arabia, failed to do so and all these countries either grow rubber-bearing plants or have close access to them. Neither did the peoples of Ceylon, Indo-China, Malay, the Spice Islands, or any of the other islands of the Pacific discover rubber. Only the Indians of South America.

Whether Columbus himself

brought back the Indian play-balls as it is reported, or whether they reached Europe by some other source, they remained little more than a curiosity for a great many years.

But there are always men of vision. They kept remembering the stories of the Indian waterproof hats and boots. They kept dreaming dreams and experimenting with the rubber. Somehow it defied the laws of chemistry which they knew. Progress was slow indeed. Oh, they made waterproof hats and coats and boots all right. But in the winter they became hard and brittle, and in the summer they became sticky, and gave off a very unpleasant odor.

However, these men persevered until, slowly, little by little, they came to understand this new, complicated product.

Once again South America held an almost complete monopoly, for there in the valley of the Amazon grew the best rubber producer of all the hundreds of plants which do produce it. This time it was England that smuggled out the seeds, 70,000 of them. These seeds were quickly taken to Kew where they were planted in the orchid houses and propagating sheds. Over two thousand of these germinated, and almost as many were shipped to Ceylon in 1876. Other plantations were soon established in Malay and Sumatra.

In her effort to maintain her mo-

Josef Muench

POINSETTIA IN BLOOM

nopoly, South America unwittingly helped these new plantations to survive. Instead of cutting the price of rubber, she kept pushing it up higher and higher. In 1910 the price went to an all-time high of $3.06 a pound. At this time the plantations of Ceylon, Malay, and Sumatra were just coming into good production. This high price not only pulled the plantations out of the red, it enabled them to expand. In 1932 the price of rubber hit an all-time low of 2½ cents a pound.

As in the case of hunting a substitute for quinine, the second World War also stimulated the search for a good synthetic rubber.

Yes, it is hard to imagine our civilization without rubber. It is difficult to picture our gardens without cosmos, marigolds, and zinnias; Christmas without Poinsettias. And just think of our soda fountains and candy counters without vanilla and chocolate! Think of our kitchens without them!

And our hospitals would be pain-ridden indeed without cocaine.

All of these, and many others, came from the New World, to modify and help build our way of life into what it is today.

Then Easter Came

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

This vivid bush which now in radiance glows
And pours a fragrance from each scarlet flower
Not long ago was just one perfect rose
Brought by a friend to cheer my darkest hour—
A rose for me, who, lost in grief, must face
Your final absence. Scarlet petals fell,
And need for comfort led my hand to place
The stem in earth beneath a glassy cell.
While winter ruled, it lay in seeming death,
Locked in a double tomb of glass and snow;
Then Easter came and brought the warming breath
Which coaxed the dormant spark to live and grow.
Now I, who prayed for hope beside your tomb,
Am answered in this miracle of bloom.

The Oldest Girl of the Oldest Girl

Blanche Kendall McKey

WHEN Nancy awakened, the early morning sun's rays lay golden on the foot of her white counterpane. She sat up with a quick thrill, a pale holdover of the little-girl rapture that used to accompany her cry, "It's morning!" But her eyes fell immediately on her typewriter standing mute beside the unfinished story, and she closed them and lay down again, motionless. She seemed to be hearing again Chris Randall's thin voice saying, "You must train your subconscious to work for you, Nancy. Sometimes mine works all night long, and I wake with my plot clear and the story running smoothly ahead." Nancy tried to comb the dark space that backed her eyelids, but her heroine's dilemma was as puzzling as before. I don't think I have a subconscious mind, she thought, with a half-smothered moan.

Frantically, she began recalling bits of advice and terse explanations she had gleaned from night school lectures and books on the technique of poetry and short story writing. "Poetry is emotion remembered in tranquility." That definition had struck her forcefully once; now she doubted if she had ever experienced real poetry. Of course there was that evening when she and David had walked all the way around the lake in the park and had returned to stand arm in arm watching thin clouds drift over the moon. Somewhere the breeze had picked up the scent of lilacs; a light from the opposite shore rippled yellow on the dark water; swaying branches of a great willow tree trailed, sighing, into the waves. That was poetry. She knew it! And here in her aunt's apartment she had tranquility. But she hadn't sold a single poem—just "placed" one or two in obscure magazines. And as for selling a story . . . .She felt a gentle rush of moisture to her burning eyelids.

With a rat-ta-tat on the panel, her aunt opened the door.

"Hi, Skylark," she called.

A dark coat covered her white uniform. Aunt Jane was not so old as mother, who was forty-one, but she was getting on. Nor was she so pretty, although she was stronger looking and gayer.

"Problem clear up all right last night?" she asked breezily.

"My subconscious ran out of gas."

"Your oracle failed you!" Aunt Jane deplored.

Nancy sat up. "Why do you dislike Chris Randall?" she asked, in accents as near the North Pole as her warm little voice would go.

"Why do you like him?" Jane countered.

"Well, he's a good night school teacher. He has a lot of answers. And he publishes."

"But what does he say?"

"Oh, he isn't interested in messages. He's thinking of checks."

Jane sat on the foot of the bed. "If I were a writer and couldn't say something that fed

somebody somewhere, I would rather be a commonplace reliable nurse."

"Aunt Jane," asked Nancy, seriously, "do you remember how Mother looked when I blew up that day at home and decided to come here with you?"

"I don't think I do, exactly."

"It was her expression that decided me. She leaned on the carpet sweeper and her face was pale. 'I was the oldest girl in our family, too,' she said. 'I know what it is to have a baby in your arms when you long to be out playing with the other children. I want Nancy to have some time for herself—to go with Jane—' She looked as though she had lost something precious—"

"Well, I wouldn't worry too much. I am sure she would rather have your father and a house full of children, whatever her young dream was." She crossed to the dresser and began tying a scarf over her neat hair. "Skylark," she asked casually, "what has become of David?"

NANCY kept her small face straight. "David who?" she asked. Then she laughed shakily.

"I haven't seen any letters lately."

"I guess he's too busy at the university—"

Jane turned, her eyes reproachful. "Not David," she said.

Nancy hopped out of bed and then stood gazing directly at her. "I was eager to give my life to writing— I thought of the way mother looked. . . . I've had a lot of dishwashing and baby tending already. . . . ."

"Well?"

"I guess I wasn't very nice to him. So he didn't answer. Oh, I've made a mess of everything! I haven't sold a line, I've lost David, and now I'm beginning to think I *can't* write. I'm just a failure. And I guess I'll lose Chris, too."

"You're only twenty, honey," reminded Jane gently, after a moment. "How can you reflect life if you haven't lived? And you're no failure. You've given me the happiest two years of my adult life. Something warm and sweet to come home to—a snack always ready—the apartment clean." She looked at her watch, bending to kiss Nancy's hot cheek. "It's bus time! One of these days you're going to hit the jack pot. That will be fine. But my deepest wish for you is that you'll be spared loneliness. See you tonight."

She hurried out and her niece stood listening to her footsteps running down the hall. For the moment Nancy felt that she loved Aunt Jane more than anyone else in the world. She was so understanding, so charitable. And for all her high spirits, she was lonesome! Nancy had never suspected that.

The mailman brought plenty of envelopes, both bulky and thin. Nancy would never have dared to send out all her neatly typed manuscripts if she hadn't known that she would be alone when they came back. But today there were two letters that stood out among her self-addressed envelopes—a long one with "Home Magazine" in the corner and a square one in father's round hand. With quivering fingers, she tore open the first, and as she unfolded the paper, a green check fluttered to the floor. Breathless,

she stared; then she bent over it.

"Three hundred dollars," she gasped.

The first wave of elation carried her almost to her fixed stars.

"Oh, glory, glory," she cried, jumping about like a child. Just wait until she took *this* to night school. And what would Aunt Jane say? Her father hadn't given her the typewriter in vain. She ran her hand lovingly over its keyboard. Her mother hadn't done the work at home alone for nothing. Nancy could sell. She would *write*.

And then she read the editor's letter.

This story shows a warmth and sympathy for your characters that you have never exhibited before. You have evidently found your stride. Congratulations and let us hear from you again.

The story Nancy had sent, without any hope of acceptance, was one about a little boy afraid to start school, and she had written it two years ago, before she had ever left home!

Nancy's elation receded, like a great wave rolling back into the sea, leaving the wet grains of sand moving uncertainly downward. Confusion rushed in to take its place. Was all the study fruitless? What had she lost in her long, "tranquil" hours alone? Needing help, she turned to her father's letter and read:

Dearest Nancy,

You will be surprised, as we all are, but you have a tiny sister. We were going to tell you when you came home next time, but the baby decided to arrive long before she was expected. Your mother had a close call, but she is safe now, and your incredibly small sister is receiving every care.

I hope you never know, my daughter, what I went through when I thought your mother was slipping. I can never thank God for sparing her though I serve him all the days of my life.

Lovingly,
Father.

NANCY read the letter again, and then the tears that had been brimming her heart all day spilled over. If I had been home to help, mother might have been all right—ran over and over in her mind like a dolorous strain of music.

She telephoned to see if the railroad schedule had changed, packed her suitcase, wrote a note to Chris Randall at the high school, and left a note for Aunt Jane on the kitchen table. Last of all, she folded the precious check and tucked it deep into her wallet. She could go home with her chin high.

She sat down to read her father's letter again and noticed that he had written with a faint pencil a postscript, probably added at the postoffice: "David is home for a day or two between quarters. He has just been asking about you." She folded the letter thoughtfully and put it in her bag.

When Nancy arrived at the little station, night was falling. Street lights were on and windows in farmhouses gleamed yellow. The air was soft with the promise of spring. She decided to walk the few short blocks to her home. Quietly she opened the front door, tiptoed down the hall, and peered into the living room. Her three brothers were seated around the table, busy with home work, rays from the reading lamp flooding their young faces.

Father, in his Sunday clothes, was resting in his large chair, a newspaper over his knee, his head back and his eyes closed. He had lighted the little golden lamp mother loved, which stood on her sewing cabinet beside her empty chair. It was a harmonious room, with mother's own hand-painted dishes gleaming through the glass doors of her china closet.

Mother had wanted to be a writer when she was a young girl; and her face had been so sad that day, more than two years ago. Chris Randall knows publishers and what they want, Nancy thought. He's a good critic, too, and he's ambitious for me. The check will make him proud of his pupil. I think I had better marry Chris. It was as though she were steeling her heart against the sense of everyday, happy living that seemed to throb into the hall with the rays of light. I want to write, she whispered to herself. "Oh, life, let me live deeply!" She drew in her breath and the boys turned.

"Surprise party," she hastened to cry, throwing the door wide.

There was a scramble for her, and laughter, and another scramble for the box of candy she had picked up at the drug store.

"This is great," cried John. "Who would have thought of seeing you! Weren't you surprised, Father?"

"No," said Father, kissing Nancy. "I thought she would come."

Nancy's heart swelled, for she felt his pride in her. And he didn't know a thing about the three hundred dollars!

"I'm just back from the hospital," he went on. "They turned me out tonight. But I can take you up tomorrow. Your mother's fine. And they may let you peep at the tiny baby in the incubator."

NANCY went up to her room, feeling snug. She heard the boys finally settling down and father coming up the stairs.

"Goodnight, my dear," he said at her open door.

"Good night, Father. It's good to be home." Contentedly, she picked up a book and began to browse.

The telephone rang and she hurried down.

"Hello," she answered in a low tone.

"Hello," replied a deep voice. It was David. "I just heard you were home. Could I come over for a moment?"

She tried to keep her words steady. "Of course, David."

When he came into the room, Nancy saw that David had changed. His long hours of study had left their mark. There were shadows under his eyes, and he looked older. He came toward her purposefully, taking her hands, and as he bent over her she felt the bigness of him. And the tenderness.

"You can write if you want to, Nancy, but I feel as if life isn't worth struggling for without you."

"All I want is to struggle with you," cried Nancy, already in a battle royal with tears. "I want you to take me and keep me. Forever. I—I—" She said in her mind what she couldn't speak aloud. I guess God knows what's best for women when he makes them the way they are. Then she managed

to whisper, "I'll be a good wife. I'll help you as a doctor. I—"

He couldn't speak, but his kiss said what no man seems able to put into words.

It was nearly midnight when the telephone rang again.

"Hello," said Nancy, dreamily.

It was Aunt Jane.

"I got to worrying about you and couldn't sleep. Is everything all right?"

"As fine as can be," said Nancy. "I'm going to the hospital tomorrow, and then I'll give you a ring."

"Good."

"Aunt Jane, I have two wonderful things to tell you."

"Yes?"

"One is about a check and the other is about David."

Aunt Jane lifted her voice, but for once her contralto was drowned by Nancy's treble.

"Oh, Aunt Jane, I'm going to live every minute of my life just as deeply as I can—crowd my heart full of things to remember—and when I'm old, forty or so, I'm going to write some really lovely poems and stories out of my subconscious."

Image of Joseph

Alta Leafty Dew

The slave pit yawned
And swallowed this too-favored son,
Secure but yesterday within his coat
Of many hues. A lonely one
He was, gathering about him prescient dreams
Of bowing sheaves—of stars and moon and sun.
Too long his vision had provoked the schemes
That boiled and spewed with hatred in
The seething caldron of his brothers' hearts;
And so with one accord they caught
And sold him—alien to a land apart
That flowed with milk and honey. There
The dreams took shape and ate each other up.
The buxom days heaped up like hoarded grain
Swift-poured into a china measuring cup;
And when the land grew fat, the famine came.
The favored youth, grown now to graver years,
Took up the scepter and doled out,
With careful hand, life—mixed with tears—
In sacks to brother lands
Until the days of wrath were spent. All the skies
And all the earth looked then and understood
The wondrous love that shimmered in his eyes.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, April 1, and April 15, 1890

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE GOSPEL AT HOME: It may well be said this people have a history, and as is often remarked a peculiar history; they have been denominated a modern Israel and the name is an appropriate and significant one. The people of the earth are assuredly flocking to Zion; they come singly and in large parties, and they inquire concerning this and that, and there is a good opportunity to give information on Gospel subjects.

COQUETTISH APRIL

So doth fair April herald in the Spring,
And seemingly delighted to tease and vex;
Her wonderful allurements she doth bring.
Sometimes to charm but oftener to perplex.
—E. B. W.

NOTES AND NEWS: The estate of Robert Browning amounted to eighty-five thousand dollars—all earned by writing poetry.

R. S. GENERAL CONFERENCE: The first Annual Conference of the Relief Society of all the Stakes of Zion, was held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall in this City on Monday, April 7, 1890 commencing at 10: a.m. Mrs. Zina D. H. Young presiding. Pres. Zina Young welcomed the congregation in her most happy manner, said we were living in a peculiar time, yet never felt better, realized the beginning of the end was near at hand; felt so anxious concerning the daughters of Zion, that she would give her life, if it would save them from the many snares and temptations surrounding them at the present time.

E. B. W., Cor. Sec.

OVER THE HILLS

Over the hills to a land far away,
Far away from all sorrowing gloom,
From blight and disease, from mortal decay,
To a spring-time of immortal bloom.
Over the hills, tried soul, speed thy flight,
To that glorious land of the blest
Where day endeth not in darkness of night,
Dangers never intrude to molest.

MISCELLANEOUS: If you could once make up your mind never to undertake more work of any sort than you can carry on calmly, quietly, without hurry or flurry, and the instant you feel yourself growing nervous, would stop and take breath; you would find this simple, common sense rule doing for you what no prayers or tears could ever accomplish.—*Elizabeth Prentiss.*

There are two freedoms—the false, where man is free to do what he likes; the true, where man is free to do what he ought.—*Kingsley*

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. ISAAC A. CLAYTON (Fanny Young), daughter of President Brigham Young and his wife Mary Van Cott, died January 31, at the age of eighty years. Her passing leaves her sister, Mabel Young Sanborn, as the last living child of President Brigham Young. These two sisters were honored guests last summer at the Chicago Railroad Fair. Until Mr. Clayton's health failed, he and his wife visited every year, on the anniversary of their wedding, the Logan Temple, where they were married. She bore adversity, particularly the tragic drowning of her son Waldemar and his wife Juliet, with a noble fortitude. A lady in the finest sense of the word, Sister Clayton also had great faith, and she offered some of the most beautiful and reverent prayers heard among the people.

VERNA WRIGHT GODDARD, wife of J. Percy Goddard, died last November 26. She had served in the general presidency of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association for eleven years. Sister Goddard knew the art of giving happiness and comfort to all around her. Her magnetic personality drew to her the love of young people, and her inspirational work among the youth will not be forgotten.

THREE hundred grandmothers met at the National Grandmothers' Club convention in Atlanta, Georgia, in November. They discussed: permanent peace, better radio programs for grandchildren, welfare work, blood donations, and other timely topics. We applaud this step. The nation would be better off if it would profit by the vast store of wisdom accumulated by such women through the years, and they have more leisure to do something with their wisdom than have mothers who are tied down with small children. National Grandmothers' Day was recognized in twenty states on October 9th.

ELECTED for a six-year term as the lone woman member of the Spokane, Washington, school board, Mrs. Desla S. Bennion has now been named its president, to fill the unexpired term of S. F. Kinder, who moved from the city. She had already been president in her own right during 1947. Mrs. Bennion is popularly remembered by many Utahns as the former Edna (Ted) Hull, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hull, Salt Lake City.

EMILY POST defines the attributes of a lady as: "simplicity, sincerity, serenity, sympathy, and sensitivity."

EDITORIAL

VOL. 37 APRIL 1950 NO. 4

A Time for Rejoicing

APRIL comes as the month of promise and planting, a time for rejoicing in the renewal of the earth, for, as the Bible so beautifully expresses our joy, "Lo, the winter is past . . . The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come . . . ."

As members of the Church, we realize, also, the great significance of this season of beauty and gladness. According to our understanding, it was this time of the year when Jesus was born; when he was crucified and resurrected, and walked again on the Judean hills with his disciples.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized April 6, 1830, reaffirming and illuminating the ancient truths which existed before the earth was created. In commemoration of this event, the annual general conferences of the Church are held in April and the sixth day of the month is included in the sessions.

It is well at this time to recall the day one hundred and twenty years ago when six young men met at the Whitmer farm in western New York and organized the Church. The significance of that event has been described as "a day now revered by hundreds of thousands . . . a day to be held in sacred veneration throughout all time . . . until the Messiah himself shall come." The ancient faith, which had been lost, was once more revealed in purity, restored to earth, and established by the covenant of witnesses.

The youthful Prophet described the solemnity of the occasion in words of great simplicity, glowing with the splendor of truth:

> Having opened the meeting by solemn prayer . . . we proceeded, according to previous commandment, to call on our brethren to know whether they accepted us as their teachers in the things of the Kingdom of God, and whether they were satisfied that we should proceed and be organized as a Church according to said commandment which we had received. To these several propositions they consented by a unanimous vote. I then laid my hands upon Oliver Cowdery, and ordained him an Elder . . . after which he ordained me also to the office of an Elder . . . . We then laid our hands on each individual member of the Church present, that they might receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, and be confirmed members of the Church . . . . We now proceeded to call out and ordain some others of the brethren to different offices of the Priesthood, according as the Spirit manifested unto us; and after a happy time spent in witnessing and feeling for ourselves the powers and blessings of the Holy Ghost, through the grace of God bestowed upon us, we dismissed with the pleasing knowledge that we were now individually members of, and acknowledged of God, "the Church of Jesus Christ," organized in accordance with commandments and revelations given by Him to ourselves in these last days . . . . (Joseph Smith, the Prophet, *History of the Church*, I, pp. 77-79.)

Today we are privileged to have

as our leader President George Albert Smith, who reaches his eightieth birthday on April 4th. He again exemplifies the directing hand of our Heavenly Father in establishing as his special witnesses men of great faith and singleness of purpose. President Smith's ideals are revealed in his integrity and generosity. He walks among the children of men with that grandeur of spirit and simplicity of manner which have characterized so many of the leaders of the Father's kingdom in all the dispensations.

Hearing his voice in the assemblies of our people, we feel a deep conviction of respect and reverence. The spirit of our Heavenly Father is with him—this realization, deep and abiding, comes to us on many occasions, and our lives are given direction and illumination by the Prophet who presides in these latter days.

As Relief Society women, we feel that we are blessed to live at this time, to partake of the lofty spirituality and the deep and gracious kindliness which our President gives so freely. May his days be filled with strength from our prayers, and the prayers of others, for his welfare, and may health be given him, and comfort, and may we express our appreciation through increased loyalty and devotion to him and to the Church. —V. P. C.

Possession

Katherine Fernelius Larsen

Everything you love is yours,
Though ephemeral as dew,
Or unreachable as stars;
What you love belongs to you.

Everything you love you own,
Be it fleeting as a kiss;
Be it held—or never won;
Wise of heart, remember this.

Departure

C. Cameron Johns

It is not into darkness that we go,
Or journey toward any shadowed place,
But through a winter-world where ice and snow
Conceal the bloom of spring's eternal grace.

Not with reluctant steps do we depart,
We walk with firm assurance through the night,
Knowing clouds that now obscure the way,
Disperse before the radiance of light.

The April Garden

Hazel D. Moyle
Deseret News Garden Editor

Photograph, Courtesy
Jackson and Perkins Company
Newark, New York

HYBRID TEA ROSE DIAMOND JUBILEE
E. S. Boerner, Originator

THE enchanting, fickle, and magical month of April turns the entire world to garden-making.

Whether April weather comes at its regularly scheduled time, or lags with maddening reluctance, as it so often does in northern sections, or even though it glides in without that wild burst of revival, but merely continues with added luxuriance, as it is wont to do in California, still, when this season of returning spring does arrive, we all respond to that primeval urge, handed down by Father Adam and Mother Eve, to work and till the soil.

Even non-gardeners are enticed to venture out and rake and hoe on the first April days; but we who are true garden lovers are stimulated into a sweet and feverish activity. We rush hither and yon, torn between the joys of opening buds, the first beguiling flowers of spring, and the many important jobs crying to be done. The fires of returning spring completely take over and possess us.

But we must keep our heads and

Courtesy W. Atlee Burpee Company

PUFFED TETRA ORCHID SNAPDRAGON

Courtesy Jackson and Perkins Company, Newark, New York

PHLOX
A Perennial of Lasting and Luxuriant Beauty

Courtesy W. Atlee Burpee Company

GARDEN BORDER OF PETUNIAS

let reason guide us during these delightful early spring days, for this is one of our most important planting months of the entire year. We must use discretion and list our garden jobs in order of their importance.

Cleaning-up of the garden is still in order, with pruning of roses a *must*. Hybrid tea roses need yearly cutting back to two or three good buds on each main stem, with cutting out of weak stems and, also, any that grow in toward the center to keep out sun and air from the plant. Climbing roses are best left alone until the leaves have appeared so that we can remove only the wood which is dead. Further pruning of this class of roses is best done after the flowers have faded.

Roses, shrubs, trees, and evergreens can be planted with good success during this cool month, but this should be done early. Each of these important classes of plants demands good preparation of the planting space, a wide, deep, and generous hole, well enriched below with old manure, and with good, well-prepared soil placed directly around the roots filling the planting hole. Such planting insures long years of good behavior for these long-lived subjects. And remember that you can never again have the same opportunity to provide such excellent growing conditions for the roots of such plants, so by all means do not neglect these planting rules.

Remember, also, that manure must never come in direct contact with roots when planting, but should be placed below or above the roots with a layer of good soil between.

April is ideal for planting most perennials. Such lovely midsummer bloomers as delphiniums should be

set out early in the month. Phlox, that extravagantly profuse flower of summer and fall, which displays such melting and varied tints and vivid colors, should be included in every well-planned flower garden. Give this important plant deep, rich, and well-prepared soil and a little afternoon shade, with a mulch of old manure, to be applied later, and soil mixed with peat moss, or even the lawn clippings, to help the surface of the soil from drying out during the flowering season. You will be well rewarded for such trouble.

Fall perennials should be placed back of lower growers to make a pleasing grouping. Shasta daisies, iris, and spring bulbs may be placed in the front line, with chrysanthemums also included here for later fall bloom.

SEED planting is also important during April. The hardy annuals, such as larkspur, bachelor buttons, poppies, sweet alyssum, both the white and lilac colored, calendula, stocks, cosmos, and verbena can all be sown where they are to bloom as soon as the ground is workable. These charming bloomers actually germinate best during the cool, damp weather of early spring. Be warned, however, that the soil

Grace T. Kirton

INFORMAL ARRANGEMENT OF SHRUBBERY ON UTAH STATE CAPITOL GROUNDS
Mormon Battalion Monument in Background

should first be well dug, raked, and leveled, and old, well-rotted manure, garden compost, and peat moss added. This will insure top quality bloom and good germination.

Such garden beauties as Salpiglossis, petunias, in variety, lobelia, ageratum, cosmos, African marigold, and sweet sultan are best planted in boxes or pots of fine soil and kept in some warm spot covered with a pane of glass and a layer of brown paper to keep out light and air until the seeds are up, then uncovered and brought into a light, sunny, and cool room, or, better still, placed in a glass-covered coldframe outside, where they will grow quickly and become sturdy young plants to set out a little later when danger of frost is over.

Annuals make the most thrilling midsummer and September gardens, pouring the bounty of their riotous bloom in the most generous abandon. Their short life is a gay and merry one, and we must take the trouble to keep them constantly growing. From the moment the tiny spears of green push up through the soil, they need air, sun, food, and drink. Most of these gay flowers demand a permanent spot in the sun in order to produce this colorful display. They also respond well to frequent feeding, a sprinkling of plant food, lightly cultivated in near the roots, and then a good deep soaking to dissolve this potent fertilizer and carry it to the roots.

This fertilizer can be used at two-week intervals during the summer. Plenty of moisture must also be given when using such products. A mulch of well-rotted manure is also excellent in promoting growth and profuse bloom, and this also helps to conserve moisture. Frequent light cultivation of the soil between the plants while they are developing, and also a pinching off of the tip to make the plant bush out, are also necessary in order to achieve strong, wide mats of flowers. Be sure that each plant has room in which to spread out and grow. Those that were planted directly in the ground will need to be thinned out, and later pinched back to make them spread.

Annuals have their place in every garden. Indeed, we can make a most complete and scintillating display from only a few packages of seeds. Annuals also lend themselves to a place among the hardy perennials, and especially for planting over spring bulbs. They can be transplanted there or even planted directly among the spring tulips and carry on and fill this spot with color and fragrance for the remainder of the year.

We have mentioned only a few of the worthwhile varieties of annual and perennial plants that do well in most gardens. There are many others from which to choose. It is for each gardener to select and plant those best suited to her own needs and space. And April, sweet and glamorous garden month of the year, is the time to be about this pleasant task.

Unwrapping the Cancer Enigma

Wm. H. Kalis, Jr.

Prepared under the direction of the American Cancer Society

IN a darkened motion picture projection room this year, your family doctor will see a film that may help save the life of your wife or your mother or sister.

The film will be "About Cancer: the problem of Early Diagnosis." It's an example of how the American Cancer Society is attempting to penetrate the riddle of cancer. . . .

Early detection is the keynote of the society's program to inform the public of cancer's warning signals and to educate general practitioners in recognizing those signs. . . .

The point that the Society makes is that while advanced cancer is nearly always fatal, early cancer is one of the *most curable of all diseases.*

Cancer is the most pressing medical problem of our time because its cause is not known. We do know that it starts when one of the millions of cells that comprise the human body becomes an outlaw and attacks its neighbors. . . .

The nation's leading research scientists are hard at work seeking the key to the cancer mystery. . . .

In Philadelphia a woman scientist discloses that she has found fungi in every human and animal tumor she has examined over a period of eighteen months. Are almost invisible plants a factor in cancer? . . .

A team of scientists and physicians in New York discovers that the new and extremely scarce hormones, ACTH and cortisone, cause some types of cancer to regress. . . .

In New Orleans famed surgeon Dr. Alton Ochsner, who is ACS president, continues to provide useful years of life for lung cancer patients by employing new methods of radical surgery. Until sixteen years ago lung cancer was conceded to be 100 per cent fatal.

In addition to supporting research and education, the Cancer Society carries on. . . a program of service to cancer patients. All of these programs are made possible by generous contributions made by the public each April during the ACS annual fund-raising campaign. Cancer control starts with the individual. Every man and woman should have a complete physical examination each year. Women over forty should be examined twice a year. . . .

Remember that early discovery means quick recovery.

And don't forget this: Cancer can strike anyone. But *you can strike back* by giving generously to the 1950 Cancer Crusade of the American Cancer Society.

A Chaperon for Miss Fanny

Pansye H. Powell

MISS Fanny awoke at five o'clock. Her alarm clock on the table by the bed did not ring; it didn't need to, for Miss Fanny was always awake at five, winter and summer.

For a few minutes Miss Fanny lay watching the light coming through the lace curtains at her east bedroom window. It was going to be another bright, hot July day, she could tell. No robins chirping outside, no soft morning breeze gently pushing the curtains back and forth, could deceive her. After sixty years in one house, she was an astute weather prophet. This would be another Missouri "scorcher."

The curl papers that fringed Miss Fanny's round, pleasant face shook merrily as she sat up in bed and looked around her bedroom absentmindedly. Miss Fanny's bedroom was like Miss Fanny—old-fashioned, neat, and spinsterish. Everything in it was older than Miss Fanny herself—the rag carpet that stretched from wall to wall, the walnut stand, with the marble basin, the highboy, the walnut four-poster.

But Miss Fanny was not noticing all the heirloom setting in which she had awakened. Her thoughts were where they had gone when she first awakened—to John, her hired hand.

She could hear John down in the kitchen, stirring up a brisk fire in the iron cookstove Miss Fanny still used. She knew that when she had dressed and gone downstairs, John would be out doing the milking, but the fire would be just right for frying ham and eggs, and the oven just the right temperature for the hot biscuits Miss Fanny made for breakfast every morning. John loved biscuits, with fresh butter and honey, or some of the strawberry preserves that won the blue ribbon for Miss Fanny every year at the county fair.

In spite of all this comforting knowledge that the day had started in customary fashion, Miss Fanny frowned at her reflection in the long gilt-framed mirror. Dressing methodically, like one whose thoughts were very far away indeed, she slipped on a starched green and white checked gingham dress that reached below her boot tops and a big red coverall apron. She was ready for the day. Her curl papers remained as they were, but a snow white cap was slipped over them, and her rosy round face appeared under the ruffle of the cap as though she hadn't a care in the world. However, the frown still hung on, and her blue eyes did not sparkle as they usually did.

How, she kept thinking, how can I tell John today that I've decided to let Julie and Ralph live with me when they are married? What will John do if I tell him I won't need him any longer to work for me? After all, he's been here over twenty years, first working for Pa and then for me after Pa and Ma died. It just don't seem right somehow to

tell him, to explain that I won't need him any more.

Finally, Miss Fanny bustled down the stairs, and soon she had ham sizzling on the stove. Biscuits went into the oven, and a clean spread on the kitchen table by the window. But Miss Fanny did not set a place for her niece Julie this morning, for Julie had left even before Miss Fanny was awake. Today Julie was going home to try on her wedding dress and help her mother with the finishing of it.

Miss Fanny carefully set John's place and then stood for a moment looking at the plate. I won't tell him at breakfast, she concluded to herself, better to wait until noon. I'll think over this morning what I'll say. I've already told Julie and Ralph what I've decided. I'll have to tell John today.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of John's steps on the walk outside her screened-in back porch. While he strained the milk and set it to cool on the porch, she dished up breakfast. John splashed at the washpan on the porch and soon appeared in the doorway, ready to eat. He was a thin, graying man, a little older than Miss Fanny. His sunburned face had a healthy glow, and his brown eyes were honest and friendly.

"Come on, John," Miss Fanny said in a cheerful voice, "everything is ready."

AFTER they were seated, Miss Fanny said grace for the meal. This had been her customary action during the fifteen years since she had been mistress here.

At the death of her father, who had outlived her mother by five years, Miss Fanny's brothers and sisters had tried to convince her that she should rent or sell the place and move to town or else live with one of them on his farm. But Miss Fanny had independently declared that she did not want to live anywhere else. So her brother Fred had insisted on sending his oldest son to live with Miss Fanny. And, after the boy grew up and married, another nephew had lived under Miss Fanny's roof. Then, finally, Julie had come, and now she seemed like a daughter to Miss Fanny. It was right for her to have the farm and right for her husband to manage it, even though, in a way, it seemed that the fields belonged to John. For, as the years had gone by, Miss Fanny's farm produced good crops. Twice she raised John's wages, although he didn't ask for more money. John had never mentioned leaving, and Miss Fanny believed he was happy, living there in a comfortable home with an assured income. She thought she knew how much she had depended upon him, but now it seemed best to let him go, with Ralph coming to manage things. Ralph would farm the land on a share-crop plan. They would keep her as long as she lived. It was all very clear in her mind, except for one thing. What would become of John? You couldn't expect John, after so many years, and at his age, to find another good job.

All this Miss Fanny thought as she and John companionably ate biscuits and ham and discussed the day's activities.

John spoke slowly, almost drawl-

ing his words with an unexpected care in diction, "Maybe I'd better cut those weeds in the west pasture," he suggested. "They're getting kinda tall."

Miss Fanny agreed. One thing about John that she especially liked was that he never let things go. His harness was kept oiled, his machinery was put out of sight in sheds when it was not in use, his pasture fences and road margins were clear of high weeds. All this he did without being told, but he always asked Miss Fanny's permission, as though he were unwilling to assume authority. It was going to be hard to get along without John here to plan and oversee the necessary work. Ralph wouldn't be too sure of himself to start.

"Will you drive Daisy and Bell on the mower?" Miss Fanny asked. Daisy and Bell were the oldest horses, always dependable.

"I thought I might try the young ones this time," John ventured. "They're working into things pretty well. Might as well get 'em used to all the farm work."

"Be careful," Miss Fanny cautioned. "'Course I know you will be," she added immediately. "You're always careful. If I had a dollar for every accident you've had on this farm, I couldn't even buy a sack of flour."

The telephone rang just then and Miss Fanny took down the receiver from the old-fashioned box on the wall. A fresh young voice answered her hello.

"Hello, Aunt Fanny! This is Julie. We're getting along fine. I'll be home soon!"

"Thanks, dear!"

"I'll be on my way! 'Bye now."

JOHN finished his breakfast during this brief conversation and now excused himself. Miss Fanny bustled around to do her dishes and her beds before Julie got back. She meant to make some yellow tomato preserves today. Julie could help. She and Julie had done a lot of canning and preserving together this summer. Julie's wedding was to be in August, and Miss Fanny was enjoying the preparations as much as Julie's own mother, who lived only two miles away.

As she hurried through the morning work, Miss Fanny couldn't get John out of her mind. She remembered hundreds of little errands he had done to save her steps—trips to the cave for bottled fruit or meat, churnings he had done on bad days when he couldn't get out to work at the barn, trips to find her turkeys when they strayed, times he mowed the lawn to save her the weary job.

He couldn't have been more help if he had belonged here, she thought. Fiddlesticks, she scolded herself, get downstairs and get to work, Fanny Grover. Mooning around because you're going to have to tell John he can't work here any more!

By the time Julie arrived Miss Fanny had brought up jars and lids from the cave where she stored such supplies, had dressed a chicken for dinner, and put it to cool, had a big pot of green beans on the stove slowly cooking, and had taken down her curl papers and combed her hair neatly, straight

back from her forehead, with a big bun at the nape of her neck.

Julie found her on the cool screened porch, surrounded by pans of ripe yellow tomatoes, and cheerfully working away at preparing them for the stove.

"Yoo-hoo! Julie called, her young voice a cheerful disturber of the warm summer morning.

"Yoo-hoo!" Miss Fanny answered. "I'm on the back porch, Julie."

Miss Fannie loved Julie. There was something so real, so young, so fresh about her. The old house seemed to shake itself and breathe more freely with Julie there. Now Miss Fanny looked up smilingly as the petite brunette appeared at the corner of the house.

Julie wasted no time getting down to business with the yellow tomatoes. She was a worker, Julie was, and she would be a capable farmer's wife. Now she chatted gaily as the pile of tomatoes in the preserving pan rapidly climbed.

"Aunt Fanny, we almost finished my wedding dress today. Just a little handwork left. Then you can see it all done. Ralph is counting so much on coming here to live. I hope you won't be sorry after he's here."

"I won't be Julie. I've thought it all out for a long time. I'm not getting any younger, you know, and I want you to have this place when I'm gone, so why not start your marriage here? I've got some plans. Maybe I'll take a long trip. I've never been out of this State, except that time you and Carrie took me to Colorado for two weeks."

"I do hope you will, Aunt Fanny. You deserve some good times. You've nothing to hold you here, really. When Ralph gets here, you can be freer to go than you've ever been in your life."

Miss Fanny piled tomatoes deftly for awhile in silence. Over in the west pasture she could hear the steady whir of the mowing machine, punctuated now and then by John's voice saying, "Steady, there! whoa! Giddap!"

Finally, Miss Fanny asked, "Have you and Ralph set the day for sure?"

"Yes, August eighteenth for sure. We decided last night. We're going to drive to Yosemite and Banff for our honeymoon. But, Aunt Fanny, have you told John yet?"

"No-o," Miss Fanny hesitated. "I hate to tell him. But I'll tell him at noon, sure."

JOHN came in at one-thirty for lunch, full of praise for the young team that he had been working.

"They're the best young team that I've ever worked," he said, as he helped himself to fried chicken. "A little bit skittish, but not near what Daisy and Bell were when they first went to work. Work together fine."

"Good," Miss Fanny said. "'Course you're a good hand with teams, John. Pa always said a team's like its master, good or bad, nervous or placid, and I guess he knew."

In her mind Miss Fanny was readying her speach to John. Let him finish his cherry pie, she thought, no use breaking such news in the middle of a good dinner.

Then, as she saw the last bite of flaky crust disappear, she spoke, try-

ing to be casual: "John, you know we're going to have a wedding in the family."

This was no news to John. Julie had shown him her ring three months ago. Now Julie dimpled happily, and John smiled at her.

"I figured that was going to happen," he said, his gentle brown eyes looking directly at Miss Fanny's embarrassed face. He knew she had more to say than this.

"I've been thinking, John, and I've decided to let Julie and Ralph live with me. He can farm for me, and we'll divide the crops."

John's eyes did not leave Miss Fanny's face while she was speaking. Then he asked, "But you—what are you going to do?"

Miss Fanny did not fail to note anxiety in his voice. He was worrying about her, not about himself.

"Oh, I'll live here, too," she said lightly. "Thought I might take a trip for a while. Need to get away, and September would be a good time to travel. After Julie and Ralph get back from their honeymoon, I might go to California for a few weeks."

"Well, that's mighty fine for you, I do declare. Well—when did you plan to be through with me?"

Miss Fanny was somewhat taken back by his matter-of-fact tone, but she managed to say, "Julie and Ralph are going to be married on August eighteenth. They're going on a trip for two weeks, and they'll be back about the first of September. By then we ought to have things ready for Ralph to take over."

She wanted to ask him to stay until then to help her, but she didn't have the courage to suggest it.

John spoke at once, however: "Then you'll need me until about September first. I'll stay until they get back."

"Oh, thank you, John." Miss Fanny's relief was sincere. She had put off the day of John's going, and perhaps by then he would be able to find another job. She spoke again: "Of course, John, I'll be glad to try to help you find another place."

He looked up at her, but said nothing. Miss Fanny dropped her eyes. After all, what hope did she have of finding any place for him that would compare with this one? She felt for the first time that her plans were selfish.

After dinner Miss Fanny and Julie washed the dishes, put the preserves on to cook, and sterilized the jars. They could hear the mower now along the road where John was cutting weeds on the banks. The whir of the machine sounded now close at hand, now more at a distance, as he carefully clipped the offending plants.

"You know, Aunt Fanny," Julie said once, while they were pouring the thick sweet preserves into clean jars, "you ought to have married. How come you never got married?"

MISS Fanny was not a bit nonplussed by the question. Her answer came quickly and without rancor. "Well, Julie, dear, the fact is—I never was asked!" The chuckle that followed indicated that she had never worried about it.

"But you're so kind and sort of—well, motherly. Mother says you

were very pretty when you were young. You're nice looking now," Julie hastened to add, "but mother said you were slender and liked to dance and skate. It's too bad somebody didn't take you when dad took mother. You just stayed on here with grandmother and grandfather, and you ought to have had a family of your own." Julie's voice trailed off into indistinctness, as she carried a load of sealed preserve jars to a shelf on the porch to cool.

But Miss Fanny wasn't listening to Julie, anyway. She was listening to the odd change that had come in the mowing machine rumble. It had suddenly accelerated and had become a clatter. She could hear horses' hoofs pounding the hard surface of the dirt road.

"Julie," Miss Fanny called, "the team! It's running away!"

She was running toward the front of the house as she called. Through the open door she could see a cloud of dust hanging over the road. She could hear the sounds of hoofs and machine dwindling in the distance. Was John on the machine? John, good, faithful John, was he being carried to death by that fear-maddened young team? Miss Fanny started down the front steps to look after the vanishing team, but her eye lighted on an inert form lying on the edge of the road, not far from the house.

"Julie," she called to her niece, who was not far behind her, "get Doctor Welch quick! John's hurt!"

Miss Fanny ran across the lawn, her skirts held high out of her way, and across the road to that strangely quiet figure lying on the bank.

"John, John," she called, kneeling beside the unconscious form.

Blood was streaming from a cut on John's forehead. One arm lay grotesquely bent under him. Miss Fanny, with no thought of her appearance, ripped a wide band from the bottom of her white petticoat. Yards and yards of material came off and were bandaged tightly over the bleeding wound in John's forehead. John made no sound and lay quiescent as Miss Fanny and Julie gently carried him across the road to the shelter of a maple tree in the yard. Julie ran into the house for cold water as Miss Fanny eased John's position as best she could with pillows from the front porch chairs.

"John, John," she kept calling, but John made no response until Julie had washed his face with the cool water and held Miss Fanny's smelling salts under his nose. When his eyelids quivered and a deep sigh came from his throat, Miss Fanny unashamedly cried, "Thank God. He isn't dead," and wiped big tears away from her cheeks.

Doctor Welch rattled up in his old car. By this time John was conscious and suffering silently from the wounded arm. Doctor Welch, thin, wiry, and matter-of-fact, soon had a new, authentic bandage to replace Miss Fanny's extemporized one, and then set about the business of repairing the broken arm. With only Miss Fanny and Julie to help him, and with his patient lying on the ground under the maple tree, Doctor Welch did an expert job of setting the broken arm and placing it in splints. All this John bore without outcry. Miss Fanny

moved dexterously at Doctor Welch's bidding, and John's eyes followed her ceaselessly.

By the time the doctor had the patient easy and ready for sleep, Julie's father and mother were there, summoned by Julie. John was placed on a cot and carried carefully into Miss Fanny's seldom-used downstairs parlor bedroom. Miss Fanny's brother dashed off then to follow the wayward horses, and John went to sleep, restful under Doctor Welch's opiate.

MISS Fanny sat down beside the bed, her eyes never wavering from John's face. Lying there swathed in bandages, he looked so helpless, so dependent, so—so—Miss Fanny did not want to think the word, it seemed so immodest under the circumstances—so *lovable!* Why had she never felt this way before about John? Why had she not more fully realized how likable, how devoted, how wonderful John was until today! Now maybe he had a bad concussion, maybe worse. Maybe he'd have a blood clot or something. Miss Fanny did not realize it, but she was falling in love.

Suddenly the figure on the bed moved. The one eye that could open, the other being covered with the bandage, looked full into Miss Fanny's face. The lips that showed only partially under the bandage smiled, and John's good arm moved out toward Miss Fanny's hand lying on her knee. Miss Fanny sat in helpless silence as John's strong fingers pressed hers.

A voice came out from the midst of the white gauze: "Are you all right?"

This was too much for Miss Fanny. Such consideration for her when he lay there injured was too overpowering for even Miss Fanny's stolid sixty years. She wept unashamedly and managed to say between sobs, "Oh John! Are you all right?"

"Sure," the muffled voice continued. "I'm all right. Where's the team?"

"Fred's gone for it. Charlie Jones phoned and said they ran in at his gate and stopped—worn out. They're all right. Don't try to talk, John."

"Must say," the voice in the gauze went on, "don't worry about how I'll do. I got money saved. Brother Sam's been trying to get me to be his partner for five years. Good business, hardware store."

"Five years," Miss Fanny ejaculated. "You could go into the hardware business and you've been staying on with me! Why on earth didn't you go?"

John's good eye looked Miss Fanny straight in the face. "You needed me. Now that Julie's husband will be coming, I'll go."

All this time John's hand had lain over Miss Fanny's. Now he did a strange thing. He lifted her hand and carefully raised it to his lips. Through gauze and tape, Miss Fanny felt the caress, warm on the palm of her hand, and she was happy—so happy she wasn't even conscious of how it happened that she was kneeling by the bed and her head was lying by John's and tears were streaming down her face as she said, "John, you won't have to

go. We'll work it out somehow. Maybe we can live in town near your brother. Maybe we'll stay on here with Julie and Ralph. But you're not going away from me, ever—ever"

They were so absorbed in each other and the new-found wonder of love that Julie's mother cleared her throat three times before Miss Fanny realized they were not alone. She tied on her bonnet as she briskly said, "Fred and I are going now, you won't need us tonight. The tomato preserves are all in jars. Look very pretty, too. I'll say goodbye now. I'll call in the morning and come over if you need me."

Miss Fanny suddenly realized what was happening. "Oh," she gasped, scrambling to her feet, "oh, of course, but Julie *must* stay." Then Miss Fanny knew that she was blushing like a young girl, and, for the first time in her life, she sensed the propriety of having a chaperon.

Renewal

Grace Sayre

Beauty renews itself each spring.
See where the patched hillside,
Mottled with the brown stain of loam,
Shows through the melting snow.
And see the streams assert themselves!
Willow catkins fluff,
Trailing arbutus opens its fragile pink trumpet,
Fragrance lies in the throat of the lily;
Dogwood branches hold out their pure flame
Of green and white beauty,
Lighting the roads and wooded paths;
Beauty renews itself in the land.
Spring is here.

Diamonds

Katie Harris Lewis

April is the month of diamonds,
I can see them as I pass,
After every April shower,
Diamond stickpins in the grass.

On each weeping willow finger,
Shadows slip a diamond ring,
And on every April flower,
Place a birthstone from the spring.

Nothing So Lowly

Margaret T. Goff

The storm-pools in the hollows
Look heaven in the face,
While glory is reflected
By the most commonplace.

For nothing is so lowly
Upon this earth of ours
But ever is revealing
The touch of higher powers.

Save the Magazines

Cleopha J. Jensen

HOW grateful mothers are at housecleaning time for the willing help of daughters with some of the heavier tasks! But these same lovely daughters, whose more limited experiences in life have not taught them to fully value or properly appreciate some of mother's hoarded relics, are sometimes bent on ferreting out and discarding from every corner what to them is only "old trash."

"There will soon be a salvage paper drive," my daughters explained. "This will be our chance," they said, "to rid mother's attic store of all those old papers and magazines!"

I was rather reluctant to remonstrate—really I appreciated their helpfulness, but somehow I felt there were too many precious memories tied up in some of those old boxes of magazines just to be "junked." I kept a furtive eye on the several bales as they were carried out, and at length I spied the one box that I knew contained the last twelve volumes of my beloved *Relief Society Magazine*.

Not that box! I winced, but refrained from any comment. However, I kept a careful eye on that particular box and, unobserved, I found my opportunity to rescue my treasure before the salvage truck arrived.

With the strength born of an emergency, I was able to tug the box back to the house, and there I again hid it away in the farthest dark corner of my stair closet—for safe keeping, all the while joyfully contemplating the time when I should bring it forth again and relive some of the pleasure and inspiration I had enjoyed in the past.

That time came during the long evenings of this past winter. What a thrilling adventure was mine! I lost myself for hours at a time as I brought forth from my box of *Magazines* one volume at a time, and again thumbed through each *Magazine*. Some articles, especially checked, had been so dear to me. Now I selected and carefully clipped out each article I wished most to preserve. These were stapled separately, marked on the margin with date of the *Magazine* and the volume from which each was taken. The clippings, of course, included those particular articles which had held special interest and inspiration to me personally. I realized I could not keep all that I should like to, for soon I had a large stack of clippings.

Then came my problem of how to file them for keeping. I was fortunate in finding a nice loose-leaf ring binder the exact size of the *Magazine*. With the aid of a paper punch, I could very nicely fit them into the binders.

I then began to sort and classify my material under various headings and I now am assembling several scrapbook volumes of most precious and valuable reading for future reference and enjoyment.

My first complete volume contains all the lesson outlines and notes of the past twelve years of literature study, that being my special department.

I shall call one voulme "Literature Lights." This contains material relating to good literature, selective reading, and literature standards. Another scrapbook volume, which I shall inscribe "My Inspiration," contains the many special articles

that have inspired me, the uplifting, soul-stirring messages, sermons, and many lovely poems. Then there will be "Biographical Sketches" and "Pioneer Stories and History," and no doubt others, as I am finding this a very interesting work and hope to continue adding new material and new ideas to my *Relief Society Magazine* scrapbook hobby.

Goodbye Kitchen Curtains!

Rachel K. Laurgaard

Illustration by Elizabeth Williamson

IF your kitchen curtains won't stand another washing, and you are longing to discard them for something new and different, anyway, try this:

Pick out a crisp plastic shelf-edging, the ruffly kind, or the flat, lacy type. There is a surprising variety in the stores these days, and so reasonable—ten cents a yard for some of the prettiest ones!

Using thumb tacks the color of your edging, frame your window along the sides and top, and add a ruffle to the hem of the window shade for extra effect.

The flat, lattice-like shelf-edging lends itself nicely to the gracefully twining habits of the hardy philodendron, and it is surprising how quickly a frame of green leaves will circle your window bringing indoors a bit of the garden to brighten your cooking and dishwashing hours.

To My Three-Year-Old on a Boat

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Her eyes were wide with new-found seeing;
They flashed delight and awe at being
In a little boat on blue, blue water.
"Are you afraid, my winsome daughter?"
"Oh, no"; her lips spoke happiness;
Her fingers tightly clutched my dress.

Dark In the Chrysalis

Alice Morrey Bailey

CHAPTER 4

Synopsis: Edith Ashe, a widow, 47, is unable for various reasons to live with any of her four sons. After hearing her daughter-in-law Annette complain to her son Kit, Edith takes a job as companion to an elderly woman, Mrs. Lewis, whose son, Cory, is away on a business trip. Discouraged by the responsibility of a big, ugly, and old-fashioned house, the crippled, despondent old woman, and the unhappy housekeeper, Amanda, Edith decides to quit, when Linnie Lewis, Cory's daughter, comes home from Boston, where she has been studying voice, to be married. Linnie seems happy and carefree, but Edith hears her crying in the night, and goes to her.

EDITH listened in consternation to Linnie sobbing across the hall. It would be better, she told herself and much more tactful, just to ignore it. No doubt Linnie would be herself in the morning. She turned over to shut out the sound, but there was a heart-tearing quality in the girl's weeping, a despair Edith would not have thought possible to the joyous girl. She slid into her robe and slippers and crossed the hall.

"Linnie," she said softly, tapping on the girl's door.

There was an instant cessation of sound, and a strangled "Yes?"

"May I come in?"

"Why, certainly," said Linnie, after a moment's hesitation.

In the soft light from the window the girl's throat and shoulders were outlined. Her face was a pale, tragic oval, her eyes and mouth velvet dark.

"I heard you crying," Edith said.

"I know. I thought everybody was asleep, and no one would hear my histrionics." Linnie's voice was gay, a gallant tilt to her head, but her breath caught in an involuntary, childish sob.

"Would it help to talk about it?"

"It wouldn't do any good," Linnie began dully. "Any more than crying—oh, Aunt Edith!"

Suddenly Edith was sitting on the side of Linnie's bed and the girl was in her arms.

"There, there," she soothed. "Cry it out."

"It's this house—and my wedding in June," Linnie said in a tumble of words between jerky sobs. "This horrible horror of a house, and that ugly furniture. All my life I've wanted a beautiful wedding reception in my own home!"

"I don't blame you one bit," said Edith. "I noticed it immediately when I came in."

"See!" said Linnie, seeming to take comfort in the agreement. "Wouldn't any person of taste and distinction feel the same—coming into our house?"

"I'm afraid so," admitted Edith.

"Paul's mother is a woman of taste and distinction," sobbed Linnie in a fresh burst of tears.

I ought to have more tact, thought Edith—to convince the girl it isn't really as bad as she thinks, but the truth of it was she felt quite as violent about the ugliness as Lin-

nie did, and had been longing to say so. "That's why you don't have your friends in," she divined.

"Exactly," said Linnie. "I couldn't bear it. They all have beautiful homes—oh, I don't mean they are all wealthy. It isn't the money, Aunt Edith, it is the ghastly taste. Daddy makes lots of money, but where the house is concerned he has a spot, blind, deaf, and dumb. He just isn't interested in it—or in me."

"Now, Linnie, that's not true. He spoke to me about you."

"He did?" Linnie was eager. "What did Daddy say?"

"He said you were being married in June and that he regretted very much having to be absent at this time."

"Just like dictation. Just like his letters to me."

"He said something else," said Edith, striving to remember. "I'll think of it."

"I thought I could work on him, and get things ready—do something to the house, I don't know what—have a witch-burning for the grizzly furniture and swing on the ropy drapes. I got the carpeting last summer, and I didn't dare ask for more. Two thousand dollars, Aunt Edith, for the carpeting alone. Of course there was the stairway and the upper hall, besides the music room."

"I wondered how that beautiful floor came to be."

"I chose it all by myself," said Linnie, pride in her voice. "I was scared to death. I don't know the first thing about interior decoration."

"It is perfect," Edith told her. She was thinking how nice it would be if her furniture were here instead of in Kit's extra room. Kit could have his dark room, and Linnie would be happy, but no—it would create a situation. Mr. Lewis wouldn't like such presumption, and, after all, Edith was, to put it baldly, only a servant.

"I feel better now, even if nothing is really different," Linnie said. "I don't remember my mother, but I need her so very badly sometimes. And just now I need her worse than ever before. I couldn't bear it without you, Aunt Edith."

"I never had a daughter," said Edith, clinching her teeth against sudden tears. "I always wanted one, and I think I should have wanted her to be just like you."

"No one," said Linnie, "positively no one has ever said a nicer thing to me. I'll go to sleep like a baby on that." She burrowed into the pillow and Edith tucked her in.

SHE went back to her room, thoroughly wrung with pity for the motherless girl, but she could not sleep for thinking tumbled thoughts of the girl and her dilemma, the hideous furniture, and her mother hunger. Edith turned and tossed until she was thoroughly miserable.

So long had she been wrapped in the cocoon of her own tragedy and misery that her thoughts and emotions had all turned inward. To think, even momentarily, of the problems of others, as she had been forced to do in the last few days, was painful, had made her ill. Mr. Lewis' vaguely worded concern about his daughter's coming wedding, his mother's wish for death,

even Amanda's dissatisfaction, had made inroads on her concern, but this was different. Linnie's weeping had done something to her, had split the shell around her and left her tremblingly exposed to the needs about her, to her own painful self-condemnation.

She wasn't a human being any more, she chided herself, that she couldn't have offered the girl the things she had that might help —her linen and dishes, and the beautiful furniture. She wasn't even sure that the excuse she had offered herself was true—that her impulse was irregular, would find disfavor with Mr. Lewis. Was it not more true that she wanted not to be involved in Linnie's difficulty?

She punched her pillow, dived into it and tried to sleep, but it was no use. Suddenly she sat up in bed with the remembrance of what Linnie's father had said. "Feel free to take the initiative in anything that needs doing."

"I'm not a mere servant," she said, sitting up.

Mr. Lewis thought of her as the widow of Marvin Ashe—a prominent doctor. "Aunt Edith" she was to Linnie, had been from the first. Mrs. Lewis had adopted her immediately—"She'll do, Cory." Even Amanda respected her as a person of authority. Only she herself had, by her reluctance to assume the responsibility, by her evasion of the needs of the house and its people, relegated herself to the servile post.

What do I want, she asked herself angrily, to go back and live with Kit and Annette, to survive only on self-pity?

"No! Never!" she said aloud. Once again she got into her robe and slippers and crossed the hall to Linnie's room. There could be no waiting until morning. The cold light of dawn, the pressure of the day's duties might erase this impulse.

"Linnie, wake up. Wake up, darling. I just remembered what it was your father said."

"What was it?" queried Linnie sleepily.

"He said I was to use my initiative."

"Initiative! Initiative!" repeated the girl, struggling up from the depths of slumber.

"Can't you see? It's all that furniture of mine, packed away in my son's extra room—and he wants it for a dark room anyway."

"The furniture?"

"No, the room, and its Queen Anne and Duncan Phyfe, and there are dishes and linen. You can have it for your wedding reception."

"Queen Anne! Duncan Phyfe!" cried Linnie, thoroughly wide awake now.

"There's plenty of modern overstuffed with slipcovers for comfort, and tables and lamps and the writing desk. You just wait until you see my needle point."

"Oh, Aunt Edith, pinch me! I know I'm dreaming—but no! I couldn't use your furniture. I just couldn't!"

"You can, and you shall. Kit will be glad to be rid of it. Use it as a favor. I get so lonesome for it."

"I want to go downstairs," chirped Mrs. Lewis when Edith told her about it at breakfast. "I've not stirred out of this room for

weeks. I thought I'd just stay here until I died, and I didn't care how soon that would be, but I don't want to miss this."

"When do we start?" asked Linnie, coming in. "I can hardly wait."

"As soon as I get your grandmother taken care of," Edith said. "We'll look at it this afternoon while she has her nap and see what is best to do."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Lewis. "Get me my wheel chair. Among the three of you, I should think you could get me down there."

THE job seemed colossal to them when they looked at it from the living room, Mrs. Lewis in her wheel chair, Linnie and Edith with their hair swathed in dusters for protection. Even Amanda came in from the kitchen, her dish towel in hand, to hear the plan.

"It needs so much more than furniture, Aunt Edith," wailed Linnie. "I don't know what besides the draperies. What about the woodwork? I always wanted a white staircase."

"Paint," said Edith. "And the right kind of paper would do it—with the draperies, of course. Venetian blinds, glass curtains, and some bright draperies would bring out the beauty of those windows. The fireplace should stay as it is, clean and polish it, of course. That heavenly walnut matches my furniture."

"That's just what I think," chirped Mrs. Lewis. Her eyes were lively with interest. Not wanting to die this morning, Edith observed with satisfaction.

"But paper! It will cost money won't it? I have forty-five dollars," Mrs. Lewis offered.

"That would help, but not enough." Edith was thoughtful. "Paperhangers are worth their weight in gold. And painters."

"There's the checking account Cory left," contributed Mrs. Lewis. "It was to run the house, though."

"We won't touch that," said Linnie quickly. "I think we had better forget the whole business." She sat dejectedly on the stair.

"We'll do no such thing," said Edith firmly, dialing Kit's number.

"Your furniture? You're not serious," said Kit when Edith told him what she wanted. "Mother, don't you think you're going a little overboard?"

"Kit, you just do as I say!" Edith demanded, exasperated. "If you don't, I'll get somebody else to do it, but I want my furniture."

The next days clipped off like newspapers from a press. It was a newspaper Linnie waved at Edith the next morning.

"I ran an ad and sold the furniture. Ninety dollars for the whole lot! First thing this morning. They'll come for it before noon."

"Linnie, you didn't!" said Edith, secretly glad. "What will your father say?"

"A good job, I'd say," applauded Mrs. Lewis. "The place is better empty, and the money will pay for the work."

At ten a van came and removed the offensive furniture; Edith's arrived at noon. Linnie rushed from piece to piece as Edith unswathed it, with little cries of delight, but

Edith eyed it critically. In spite of the protection, dust had seeped through. She vacuumed and shampooed it according to her own careful formula while Amanda scoured the woodwork with caustic soda. Linnie, perched on a ladder, polished the windows and the chandeliers, and her singing held a new note. Mrs. Lewis wheeled back and forth, chattering like a little brown sparrow, dispensing pithy advice and pungent witticisms. She was gaining strength, Edith noticed.

They chose a creamy off-white paint to match the background of the paper which had a satin self-stripe. The ceiling was lemon yellow, and the fireplace wall was brown. The dining room was done in green and white—a realistic ivy pattern for the far wall, white and green plaid for the rest; the worn rug was removed, the oak floor polished and waxed.

It took the workmen a full week to finish, but when they were through, their paraphernalia cleared out and the room set to rights, Edith's furniture was set off like jewelry, but the money was gone, and there were, as yet, no window decorations. Linnie had taken the stringy relics down.

She took time out only to answer Paul's letters, now. All other engagements were cancelled. "I'm terribly busy," she would say, "and having the best time of my life. I'm planning to have you all in for a trousseau tea soon."

"Trousseau!" she said once, hanging up the telephone. "As if I had one."

The very idea, Edith thought. A girl like Linnie, and no trousseau!

"What's Cory thinking of?" charged Mrs. Lewis. "I'll give that boy a piece of my mind."

"I'm going to charge them," Edith said in sudden anger.

"Charge what?" asked Linnie.

"Venetian blinds, curtains, drapes."

A little, appalled silence greeted this daring announcement.

"I don't know," said Linnie doubtfully. "Daddy never charged anything."

"Go to it! Go to it!" clacked little old Mrs. Lewis. "I've not had so much fun since my house burned down."

AT last it was done. The bill for the window treatment was so steep that Edith had vertigo every time she thought about it. "If I have to, I'll pay it myself," she said, but the result was elegance itself. The dining room curtains, in an ample criss-cross of white organdy, were cool and crisp, and the living room draperies, in a subdued floral pattern, were so lovely that Linnie pulled the cords that swept them closed and open with sheer delight.

Every prism of the chandeliers was diamond bright, every tile of the fireplace shone, every spindle of the intricately designed mantle. On the tiny, round platforms of it, Edith had placed her rare bits of Dresden that Marvin had bought for her. It was rich against the golden brown wall. They all gazed in awe at their handiwork.

All Edith had to do now was to think, with growing alarm, of the reckoning, when Mr. Lewis should come home and learn of her high-handedness, but her worst night-

mares were not as bad as the truth, for he came home the next evening, while they were dining in state.

Linnie flew to greet him; he greeted his mother, wheeling after her, with a puzzled look of surprise.

"Mother," he said kissing her. He looked weary. "Mrs. Ashe, Amanda."

"Look at our house, daddy! Isn't it lovely?" Linnie cried. She flew from piece to piece, the tale of their endeavors tumbling in bright words from her lips. "All of it," she finished, "is due to Aunt Edith—it's her furniture. And it's all paid for except the—"

"I charged the window decorations," Edith said flatly. "The bill is quite high."

Cory looked about, at the windows, at the whole room. Then he went from one point to another, examining minutely every detail, his face completely impassive. They were silent, rooted in a kind of fascinated terror.

Once Amanda ventured to say: "I'll set another place, Mr. Lewis. We were having dinner and there's plenty—"

"No thank you, Amanda. I ate on the diner."

He finished his scrutiny in silence and started toward the stairs without a word, passing his bag where he had dropped it beside the door. Linnie flew after him.

"Daddy! Daddy! I didn't think you'd care. I sold the furniture for the money. I did so much want a beautiful wedding reception."

Mr. Lewis answered not a word, but went on up the stairs without a backward glance.

(To be continued)

Give Me Words

Grace M. Candland

Give me words just made for springtime,
When the land is free of snow,
And the soft brown earth is breaking
Over rootlets down below;

Some phrases gay and debonair
For capricious April rain,
Some magic line for growing grass,
Creeping over hill and plain;

Accents that will weave a pattern
Of the budding, blooming trees,
Perchance convey the lilt that comes
With returning chickadees.

How shall I say my heart is glad
For the rainbow hung on high
And for the promise that it holds—
Seeds and harvest by and by?

Courtesy Fae D. Dix

Hannah Davis Foster Makes Aprons for Health and Happiness

Fae D. Dix

MRS. Hannah Davis Foster, former president of the Cedar City First Ward Relief Society, is proving to her friends and family that her will to live usefully despite the handicap of arthritis, is bearing results—lasting and abiding— to her spiritual and physical well-being.

Eight years ago this courageous woman was stricken with arthritis, which rapidly spread to her hands, arms, and legs. She has been unable to walk for the past three and one half years. But, last September, she quite suddenly decided to try sewing kitchen aprons as a way of helping to forget her pain. Her capital output was ten dollars, which she had received from selling a small woodpile in her backyard. She asked a friend to spend all of it for her in the purchase of gay prints, ric-rac, and thread. Then, painstakingly, she began to sew. She was overjoyed with the realization that treading the old-fashioned sewing machine was relaxing her leg muscles. Soon she was aware that guiding the cloth under the needle was relaxing to her fingers. By Christmas time she could cut out and make three aprons in a day, and had finished 110 aprons.

Friends were intrigued with her pluck and planned a "Friendship Tea" to display the aprons. Cedar City women came in large groups, bought the aprons, and placed orders for more.

Looking back upon her long years of illness, Mrs. Foster can find hope that someday she will be able to join in Relief Society work again. I've been everything but the organist," she laughingly says, recalling the forty odd years she spent in Relief Society activities.

A Letter From Mother

My dear Children:

Greetings and love!

It is such a pleasure to receive your letters. They show me beyond any other thing, that my "little" children have grown to thoughtful adulthood. I am very happy to discuss your problems with you, my dear ones. It makes me feel closer to you and keeps me in touch with your thinking, all of which enriches my life.

You say you are distressed by people talking disrespectfully about the Church authorities. It seems to be a too common failing of people to criticize. And you would like to know how you can keep your children from acquiring such a destructive habit later in life.

This is truly a subject for thoughtful consideration. There is one avenue of approach to a solution for you, though, that I believe will give you the assurance you so earnestly desire. It is through prayer. I am such a great believer in the effect that prayer has on our lives. If children are taught how to pray sincerely for the President of the Church, his counselors, and our other Church authorities, their minds will be able to grasp the love and respect for these leaders that should be cultivated within them. It would help them to have a feeling of kinship for these wonderful people who are giving their lives in the service of God.

You young mothers have such a great responsibility, but could you take on just a little more? At bedtime, before their prayers are said, sometimes tell your children something about the President of the Church. Acquaint them with his name. Tell them where he lives. Arrange to pass his home if you are riding near it at any time. Tell them when he goes away sometimes, perhaps to dedicate a chapel somewhere, and tell them we must pray for him so the Lord will bless him while he is on this trip and bring him safely home. Then, when he does return, tell them he is safely back again. This will increase their feeling of closeness to him and they will understand, little by little, that he, in a sense, belongs to them and they to him.

If your children pray earnestly for the President of the Church and the other Church officials who come within their range of knowledge and experience, all their lives they will love and honor them and strive to obey their counsel, for they will feel that their own prayers have helped them to be chosen men of God.

May our Father's blessings ever be with you. May he keep you safe within his fold!

Please write soon. Always your loving,

Mother
Clara Horne Park

Great Salt Lake

Ora Lee Parthesius

It can be diamonds
Splintered by a hammer-noon,
And sunset mirrored
In opal fire, or silver
To mold the arrowed swimmer.

The Song

Lydia M. Sorensen

Out of the struggle is born the song,
The song and the heart of peace,
The dream and the hope from the tears
and the prayer,
And the faith to go on.

Notes From The Field

REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE SUBMITTAL OF MATERIAL FOR "NOTES FROM THE FIELD"

See also *Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society*, page 123

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

(All notes and photographs are to be submitted through stake and mission Relief Society presidents.)

THIS section of the *Magazine* is reserved for narrative reports and pictures of Relief Society activities in the stakes and missions. Its purpose is threefold: (1) to provide a medium for the exchange of ideas and methods for conducting Relief Society work which have proved successful in some organizations and which may be helpful and stimulating to others; (2) to recognize outstanding or unique accomplishments of Relief Society organizations; (3) to note the progress of Relief Society work in various parts of the world. It is recognized that personal accounts of individuals who have long served Relief Society, or who have otherwise distinguished themselves, are always of great interest, but the space available for "Notes From the Field" is so limited in relation to the number of stakes and missions that it must be reserved for reports on the work of the organization rather than that of individuals.

Wards and branches desiring to submit reports for publication in "Notes From the Field" are requested to send them *through the stake or mission presidents.* It often happens that one or two wards or branches in a stake or mission will send reports on special activities which are being conducted on a stake-wide or mission-wide basis, and, in such instances, it would be to the advantage of the stake or mission to have the report cover the entire activity in the same issue of the *Magazine*, with all participating wards or branches represented.

Reports and photographs should be submitted as promptly as possible after the events described have taken place in order that they may be published while the activities are still of current interest.

Where narrative reports are submitted, with or without accompanying photographs, the name of the stake and ward, or mission and branch, should be given together with the title of the activity reported, the date, and other pertinent data, including the name, address, and position of the person making the report.

Pictures which are submitted for publication can be used only if they are clear and distinct and will make good cuts for reproduction. Black and white glossy prints reproduce most satisfactorily. Pictures should have the following information written clearly on the back:

Name of stake and ward, or mission and branch
Title of picture, stating the activity represented or the purpose of meeting of the group
Date picture was taken
Name, address, and position in Relief Society of person submitting the picture

Identification of persons in the picture should be made on the reverse side. Names should be given from left to right, written clearly, and spelled correctly. The given names of the women should be used, not their husbands' names (for instance, Sarah D. Erickson, not Mrs. James Erickson).

The positions of the executive officers: president, counselors, and secretary-treasurer should always be listed with their names.

If the photograph has reference to some particular activity, such as sewing, visiting teaching, etc., the name of the leader and her position should also be listed.

Material submitted for "Notes From the Field" should be addressed to the General Secretary-Treasurer of Relief Society, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

BAZAARS, SOCIALS, SINGING MOTHERS

Photograph submitted by Holly W. Fisher

WESTERN CANADIAN MISSION, GRANDE PRAIRIE BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY CONDUCTS SUCCESSFUL BAZAAR

Left to right: Alice Scott; Hilda Forward; Sister Roberts; Alene Obrian; Irene Scott; Ruby Pierson.

This branch, organized in 1948, with six members, has been very active in Relief Society work. Their bazaar, consisting of several booths of clothing and exquisite handmade articles, together with a food sale, netted this society $430. All members of the branch assisted in making Christmas toys.

Holly W. Fisher is president of the Western Canadian Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Emily Pollei

EMIGRATION STAKE (UTAH), EAST TWENTY-SEVENTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HONORS PRESIDENT AMY BROWN LYMAN ON HER BIRTHDAY
February 7, 1950

Left to right: Viola Walton; Adeline Jensen; May Thiriot; Mildred Higham; Madelyn Hodson; Grace Rawlinson; Vilate Peterson; Marintha Williams; Cornelia Monson; Corene Chamberlain; Fern Newman; Rowene Obert; President Amy Brown Lyman; Anna Ohlson; Mina Wignall; Florence Noakes; Nan Bullen; Geneva Barton; Tessie Solitti; Emily Pollei, President, East Twenty-Seventh Ward Relief Society.

President Lyman is the literature class leader in her ward, where her alert and active mind and her faithful service are an example and inspiration to all.

Winniefred Manwaring is president of Emigration Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Twila Isaac

PALMYRA STAKE (UTAH), BIRDSEYE BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR
December 2, 1949

Front row, seated, left to right: Nora Mitchell, First Counselor; Callie Lasson, President; Maurine Jackson, Second Counselor; Mabel Lasson, Secretary-Treasurer.

Back row, standing, left to right: Francis Oberhansley; Allie Oberhansley; Sula Lasson; Oleah Mitchell; Rachel Spencer; Betty Tibbs; Iva McKean; Betty Howard; Louise Spencer; Edith Lasson.

Members not present when picture was taken: Ethel Houtz; Lucille Mitchell; Quetta Dixon.

These women travel from one to ten miles to attend Relief Society meetings—rain or shine. Their successful bazaar, illustrated above, brought them $265. Rugs, quilts, embroidered pillow cases, dish towels, aprons, and many other attractive articles were displayed.

Twila A. Isaac is president of Palmyra Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by May W. Andrus

NORTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE (IDAHO), VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT SOCIAL

Front row, left to right: Maggie Harker, a visiting teacher for 43 years; Mary Maxfield, 35 years; Nola Clayton, 44 years; Mildred Hudman, 50 years.

Second row, left to right: Annie Robinson, 40 years; Esther Hammer, 55 years; Daisy Larsen, 50 years; Elsie Gardner, 49 years.

Back row, left to right: Mary Myler, 40 years; Adelaide Westerburg, 40 years; Lenora Ottesen, 53 years; Elsie Gardner, 49 years.

May W. Andrus, President, North Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society, reports that many of the visiting teachers in her stake have served faithfully for very long periods of time. "An almost unbelievable total of more than eleven hundred years would be the sum of the service devoted by the twenty-eight visiting teachers of the North Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society, if their individual records were added together. Among those honored at a recent social held in connection with the visiting teachers convention, who do not appear in the above photograph, were Mabel Fillmore, who has served 45 years; Elizabeth Godfrey, 37 years; Anna Jacobsen, 51 years; Ellen Fowler, 41 years; Alzada Crook, 40 years; Magdalena Hirschi, 40 years; Sarah Thompson, 38 years; Edith Southwick, 44 years; Lydia Thueson, 50 years; Hannah S. Tueller, 52 years; Lydia Walker, 50 years; Millie Horkley, 50 years; Eliza White, 49 years; Sarah Hathaway, 41 years; Sarah Byram, 59 years; Luvina Miskin, 36 years.

Photograph submitted by Martha W. Brown

CENTRAL STATES MISSION, ARKANSAS CITY (ARKANSAS) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, December 3, 1949

Left to right: Dorthy Hunter Chapman; Ivy Hunter; little Mary Jane Welch; Marie Welch; Rosie Nickle; Secretary-Treasurer Julia Boehner; President Donna White; First Counselor Preseline Richardson; acting Second Counselor Betty Hale; Dorothy Beck; Bobbie Jean Glover.

Standing at the right, Elder Hale.

Martha W. Brown is president of the Central States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Louisa Stephens

MONTPELIER STAKE (IDAHO), MONTPELIER SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, November 4, 1949

Note the quilts in the background and the display of beautiful hand-embroidered pillowslips. The dolls, doll dresses, house plants, and many handy miscellaneous articles made this an unusually interesting bazaar.

The officers of the Montpelier Second Ward are: President Bertha Montague; First Counselor Lillian Phelps; Second Counselor Evelyn Kunz; Secretary-Treasurer Velda Derricott.

Louisa Stephens is president of Montpelier Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Erma M. Dixon

EAST MILL CREEK STAKE (UTAH), CUMMINGS WARD SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT CANTATA "THE MUSIC OF BETHLEHEM" December 14, 1949

Front row, left to right: Afton Haslam; Miriam Jensen; Afton Green, chorister; Mildred Thiede; Jennie Naish.

Second row, left to right: Lucy Jones, President; Virginia Fisher; Elsie Bowring, Counselor; Morjorie Eskelsen; Ellis Lindgren; Kathryn Sorenson, Counselor; Florence Monson; Mona Gourley, organist.

Third row, left to right: Edith Tyler; Rebecca Rogers; Amy Painter; Maysell Goble; Mary Donaldson; Mae Bergstrom; Vivian Rice; Myrtle Russell; Gertrude Lockwood.

Back row, left to right: Edna Buchanan; Betty Wanberg; Lillis Wilkens; Margaret Pace; Alta Boulware, Secretary-Treasurer; Ada Schneider; Josephine Davis; Beverly Stutsnegger.

Erma M. Dixon is president of East Mill Creek Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Reva E. Wicker

SOUTH DAVIS STAKE (UTAH), BOUNTIFUL FIFTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS

Reva E. Wicker, President, South Davis Stake Relief Society, reports that the sisters of this group are known for their happy approach, their faithfulness, and their integrity. Every home in the ward has been visited every month regularly for a year and a half, without exception.

The ward bishop, Lloyd Parkin, stands left, at the back.

Photograph submitted by Clarissa B. Ward

BEAR LAKE STAKE (IDAHO), FISH HAVEN WARD RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS MAKE A WELFARE QUILT, January 23, 1950

In circle, around quilt, left to right: Erma Stock; Secretary-Treasurer Vera Kearl; Hattie Finley; Ruth Beyeler; First Counselor Fern Pope; President Rose Smith; Second Counselor Rozella Erickson; work director Effie Stock; Orean Stock; Ethel Perkins.

Clarissa B. Ward is president of Bear Lake Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Mary H. Smith

HAWAIIAN MISSION, HILO DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR November 5, 1949

Members of Hilo District Relief Society Board and branch Relief Society presidents, left to right: Amoe Ah-Moo; Kate Simmons; Annie Iankea; Hannah Cardejon; Amy Chun Akana; Mary H. Smith, President Hawaiian Mission Relief

Society; Edith Kanakaole, President, Hilo District Relief Society; Becky Kanuha, First Counselor; Lydia Ishibashi, Second Counselor; Cheyo Myers, Secretary-Treasurer; Eva Malo.

Included in this beautiful display are shell leis, koa calabash, lauhala floor mats, lamp shades made of lauhala, chrocheted bedspreads and doilies. The unusually attractive quilts in the background were made with applique and were beautifully quilted in fine, close designs.

Photograph submitted by Zelda Wakefield

NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION, SPRINGFIELD (OREGON) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, November 1949

Edith Green, Southern Oregon District Secretary; Ruth Barnhurst, Secretary-Treasurer, Springfield Branch Relief Society; Bertha Johnson, work leader; Vivian Morris, Second Counselor; Zelda Wakefield, President; Della Nelson, District President; Miriam Johnson, First Counselor.

Georgina Richards is president of the Northwestern States Mission Relief Society.

The Birth of Harvest

Margaret B. Shomaker

The barren orchard blooms from winter snow
And flawless pink-white petals grace the bough
In carved perfection like a cameo;
Till undeveloped ovules form, and now
The bees suck deep inside the velvet shell,
Touch light the anther pollen from the wing,
For nature's secret only time will tell;
The birth of harvest comes in buds of spring.

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Our April Short Story Writers

Nellie Iverson Cox, St. George, Utah, lives on a ranch and is the mother of six children. Mrs. Cox describes her literary activities as being, at present, a hobby. "My first baby's first pair of shoes was bought with the money I received from the sale of my first poem. Only recently have I attempted story writing and have had two accepted for publication. My poetry has appeared in five different publications and I am at present writing the history of my grandfather, Hans Peter Iverson, a pioneer of 1861 in the "Cotton Mission" of Southern Utah. He wrote poetry, too, and I call his story 'Poet and Pioneer.'"

Sylvia Probst Young, Midvale, Utah, tells us that the needs of her family put writing in a secondary place, and she has other hobbies as well. "Reading is one of the most important, some of my dearest friends are books, and the fact that I prefer Charles Dickens and O'Henry to most modern writers, makes me quite old-fashioned, I'm sure. I don't profess to have a 'green thumb,' but I do enjoy gardening—the feel of soil in my fingers and the thrill of watching things grow. But one thing I enjoy most of all is being the mother of three active little boys. That I wouldn't trade for anything in the world."

Blanche Kendall McKey, now living in Washington, D. C., is the sister of Senator Elbert D. Thomas. Her sisters are Kate Thomas (deceased) and Rose Thomas Graham, both gifted writers. As a young girl, Blanche appeared in New York City theatres and on tour as an actress with Richard Mansfield, Sir Henry Irving, and other famous actors. She played Tirzah in *Ben Hur* and Hope Brower in *Eben Holden,* and later married William Richard McKey, who was starring as "Eben." After her husband's death, Blanche, as the widowed mother of two small children, became a school teacher at Weber and Ricks Colleges and, as head of the speech de-

partments, presented many plays, among them being dramas of her own composition. A versatile and talented writer, she has won many awards in poetry, story writing, and dramatic composition, including awards in the Relief Society literary contests, and in 1947 her play "Lamps of Glory" was presented in the Salt Lake Tabernacle.

Pansye H. Powell, a teacher in East High School, Salt Lake City, Utah, is a graduate of the University of Missouri and has studied also at Columbia University. Her son Michael is now a student at the University of Utah. A poet of distinction and excellent craftsmanship, Mrs. Powell has been awarded many prizes, including four awards in the League of Utah Writers' contests. In 1949 she placed third in national competition for the Huckleberry Contest prizes. Her poetry has appeared in many anthologies, her sonnets being particularly meritorius. Mrs. Powell, a member of the Art Barn Poets and the Poets of the Pacific, is busily engaged in furthering the cause of good poetry in her work as chairman of Observance of Poetry Day in Utah. "A Chaperon for Miss Fanny" is Mrs. Powell's second published story.

Beyond Discovering

Dorothy J. Roberts

This thought must rest forever,
A white bird with folded wing,
Bending the long bough of silence,
Beyond discovering.

Announcement

Hilda V. Cameron

In the first warm light of morning
I heard a robin sing,
Calling to its love mate
Announcing that it's spring.

My heart responded quickly
And I, too, began to sing,
For bird-song, like spring fever,
Is a most contagious thing.

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From Near and Far

A friend of mine likes the February issue of the *Magazine* so well that she is eager to have a copy, so I am enclosing a check to have the *Magazine* sent to her for a year. She mentioned the beautiful set-up of the *Magazine*, Anna's article ("The Enjoyment of Literature," by Anna Prince Redd), and said it was especially interesting and well written, also the one by Inez Bagnell ("I Know Where You Are"), and also "A Letter From Mother" (by Clara Horne Park), and she even read the lessons. She thought the second prize story ("The House That Jim Built," by Norma Wrathall) very well written and interesting all the way through and enjoyed the humor. I also think it was very well written. I believe each issue of the *Magazine* gets better. Incidentally, I have had letters from two young missionaries about my story ("Grass in the Market Place," first prize story, Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest, January, 1950). I've never had so much fan mail. One man addressed me as *Noted Writer*, Boise, Idaho. The emphasis was his.

—Dorothy Clapp Robinson
Boise, Idaho

The poem "Lines to Lincoln" (February 1950, page 82) by Josephine J. Harvey, was read in our Sunday School by Elder Lawlor. It was most appropriate, being Lincoln's birthday. I take *The Relief Society Magazine* and it is very nice and I like the good stories in it.

—Dorette Shandley,
Niagara Falls, New York

The reaction of my friends and acquaintances to my little story "I Know Where You Are" in the February issue touched me deeply. It renewed my hope that I might always write material that I am proud to have as my own and that might appear in a magazine of the high caliber of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

—Inez Bagnell
Kamas, Utah

I can't resist mentioning the contributors to our *Magazine* who have been doing very outstanding work recently. I saw in the February *Good Housekeeping* a lovely poem, "Song for a Daughter," by Margery S. Stewart. Also, Katherine F. Larsen has recently placed a poem with *Ladies' Home Journal*. Eva Willes Wangsgaard, a very active writer, is continually winning national poetry contests, and Christie Lund Coles is known to many national magazines. Many Salt Lake City people were recently thrilled by Luacine Clark Fox's charming comedy-drama, "Cinderella," produced at the Bryant Junior High School. Continued success to our contributors!

—Dorothy J. Roberts
Salt Lake City, Utah

I am an ardent fan of *The Relief Society Magazine* and have enjoyed the serial stories "Joanna" (by Margery S. Stewart, 1949) and "Dark in the Chrysalis" (by Alice Morrey Bailey, beginning in January 1950). All of your stories and poems seem to have such a heart-warming, sincere quality. I have found the story "You Can Learn" (by Katherine Kelly, October and November 1949 and January and March 1950) to be most entertaining. Surely the author must be relating true happenings. I have missed these stories so much in the last few issues. Aren't we going to go through the alphabet with Kate? I hope so!

—Mrs. Leo L. Weeks,
Los Angeles, California

I am only a year old in the Church, but they keep me very busy. The *Magazine* is a comfort and it inspires me to do my best. I hate to miss a single issue.

—Mrs. Lucille Ashton,
Prineville, Oregon

The Relief Society Magazine is a periodical which I cherish and read from cover to cover.

—Clara J. DeGraff,
Provo, Utah

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